

THE ZEPHYRUS



1919

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dedication	1
Editorial Staff	2
Staff Pictures	3
Faculty	4
Faculty Billboard	6
Seniors	7
Class History	19
"An Revoir" (poem)	21
In Memoriam	22
Senior Will	23
Class Prophecy	24
Senior Billboard	26
Juniors	28
Sophomores	30
Freshmen	32
Chamber of Commerce	36
The Value of Credit	38
Contributors	40
Editorials	41
"The Desert Isle"	44
"The Spy"	49
"Sir Rogers at the Play"	51
"Loud Sox Day"	52
"Inspiration"	53
"Do the Teachers Talk About Us?"	54
"The Rhyme of the Personnel"	56
Rhymes and Jingles	59
Honor Roll	61
In Memoriam	62
Junior Red Cross	63
Glee Club and Dramatics	64
School Notes	66
1913 Reminon	67
Calendar	69
Societies	73
Athletics	78
Who's Who in A. H. S.	87
Little Dobs of Ink	88
Jokes	89

To Our Friend and Teacher,



*Mr. James F. Elton,
The
Class of 1919 Sincerely Dedicates
This Book*

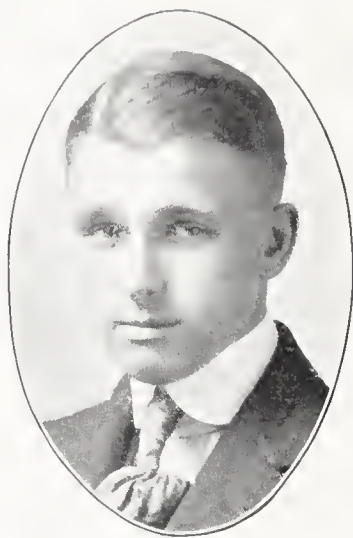
The Zephyrus

Published annually by the Students of the Astoria High School.

Entered as Second Class matter at the Postoffice at Astoria, Oregon.

Editor-in-Chief	Elsa Larson
Associate Editors	{ Margery Gilbert John Trullinger
Business Manager	Wenona Dyer
Associate Business Manager	Clara Settem
School Notes	Clara Settem
Girls Athletics	Helen Glanz
Boys Athletics	{ Ben Lee Verner Lugnet George Tucker
Junior Red Cross	Minnie Ambler
Glee Club and Dramatics	{ Emily Anderson Zoe Allen

June, 1919.



Wenona Dyer
Business Manager

Margery Gilbert
Associate Editor

Elsa Larson
Editor-in-Chief

John Trullinger
Associate Editor

Clara Settem
Associate Business Manager



FACULTY

OUR FACULTY

Principal	Mr. James F. Elton
Instructor in Mathematics	Miss Dora Badollet
Instructor in History	Miss Muriel Watkins
Instructor in Latin	Miss Annie Bergman
Instructor in English	Miss Portia Baker
Instructor in English	Mrs. Mary Kempthorne
Instructor in English	Miss Nellie Allen
Instructor in French	Miss Verna Henry
Instructor in Science	Miss Merle McKelvey
Instructor in Mathematics	Mr. William B. Kempthorne
Instructor in Commercial Subjects	Miss Ellen MacNaughton
Instructor in Science	Miss Helen Withycombe
Instructor in Mathematics	Miss Betsy Wootton
Instructor in Manual Training	Mr. E. M. Hussong
Instructor in Domestic Art	Miss Ruth Morton
Instructor in Music	Miss Nina B. Riggs
Instructor in Science	Miss Etha Batts
Librarian	Miss Mildred Brown

FACULTY BILL BOARD

Name	Otherwise known as	Favorite Saying	Pet Occupation	Pet
J. F. Elton	L. F. or "Papa Jim"	"Under the blue canopy of heaven."	Hunting absentees.	Dorris Hoefler
Miss Badollet	Aunt Dorah	"You have a good head if you'd only use it."	Squaring binomials.	Ted Anderson
Miss Bergman	Long Ann	"Stop talking, please!"	Teaching Latin verbs to the Freshmen.	Ralph Wertheimer
Miss Baker	Porsh	"Students, does that penetrate?"	Collecting gum and reciting prologues.	Joe Schamberger
Miss Watkins	Watty	"Of all the half-wits."	Hall traffic cop.	Mell Callender
Mrs. Kempthorne	Wifey	"You needn't learn it but I'd rather you would."	Entertaining U. S. officers.	Digby Williams
Miss Brown	Maude	"We-e-l now—I don't know."	Hushing library noises.	Mel Debban
Miss Allen	Alley	"Quite mach."	?	Bob Deane
Mr. Kempthorne	Shorty	"See here, Miss Eakin, you impose upon my good nature."	Milking cows.	"Lollypop" Warren
Miss Henry	Verna	"Well, we won't argue about it."	Blushing.	Merle Hussong
Miss McKelvey	Merle	"I want you to do it yourself."	Embalming bugs.	"Solny" Harrison
Miss MacNaughton	Mac	"I have eyes in my head yet."	Playing a typewriter.	Wenona Dyer
Miss Withycombe	That flirt	"Well, now, as a matter of fact it won't work."	Mending apparatus.	Coyt Allen
Miss Woorten	Battling Betts	"You'll go to the office in about two minutes, Eugene Younce"	Reading the "Oregoniana."	Herbert Ziegler
Miss Batts	The new one	Hasn't been with us long enough to find out.	Still a mystery.	Bob Rush
Mr. Hussong	Prof.	"Now make those corners square."	Turning out architects.	Ike Pouttu
Miss Riggs	Sally	"Oh, is that so."	Rounding up the sextette.	Count Moore.

Senior~





EDWARD MERLE HUSSONG

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Language Course. Wauregan Society; President Junior Class (5); Student Body President (7, 8); President Wauregan Society (7, 8); Captain of Cadets (5, 6); Football Team (5, 7); Baseball (6); Basketball (5, 6).



CLARA SETTEM

"Blue eyes are pale, and gray eyes are sober,
Bonny brown eyes are the eyes for me."

Mathematics Course. Wauregan Society; Secretary Freshman Class; President Sophomore Class; President Junior Class.



FRANCES DANIELSON

"A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall."

Teachers' Training Course. Alfredian Society.



DOROTHY VIRGINIA NESBIT

"Choice words and measured phrase above the reach of ordinary men."

Entered from Herndon Seminary, Va. History Course; Wauregan Society.



BERTHA F. HOUGEN

"Those curious locks so aptly 'twined
Whose every hair a soul doth bind."

Entered from Skamokawa High School. Teachers' Training Course. Forum Society.



STANLEY S. STICKLE

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

Mathematics Course. Forum Society; Secretary Junior Class (6); Vice-President Senior Class (7); President Forum Society (5, 6).



FANNY A. BENGTLA

"How pretty her blushing was, and how she blushed again."

Teachers' Training Course. Wauregan Society.



MEAD E. FRENCH

"He builds too low who builds beneath the stars."

Entered from Medford High School. Mathematics Course.



EMILY ANDERSON

"A face with gladness overspread."

History Course. Alfredian Society; Glee Club (5, 6, 7, 8); Sextette (7, 8).



HERBERT WILSON

"See the conquering hero comes."

Mathematics Course. Adelpian Society; President
Adelpian Society (5, 6).



KATIE TOLONEN

"A great man is always willing to be little."

Teachers' Training Course. Adelpian Society;
Basketball team (5, 6, 7, 8).



OLGA A. KELLER

"Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids."

Teachers' Training Course. Forum Society.



ELSA LARSON

"Every one is the son of his own works."

Teachers' Training Course. Alfredian Society; Editor Sophomore Class (3, 4); Editor Junior Class (5, 6); Editor Senior Class (7, 8); Editor-in-chief of Zephyrus (7, 8).



DOROTHY F. EAKIN

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."

Language Course. Alfredian Society; Treasurer Alfredian Society (5, 6); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4).



SWANHILD INGEMUND

"With thee conversing, I forget the way."

Entered from Ilwaco High School. History Course. Wauregan Society; Basketball team (5, 6); Glee Club (5, 6, 7, 8); Sextette (7, 8).



ZOE ALLEN

"Let none presume to wear an undeserved dignity."

History Course. Alfredian Society; Treasurer Alfredian Society (5, 6); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8).



FRANCES WARD

"How near to good is what is fair."

Editor Freshman Class (1, 2); Secretary Forum Society (5, 6); Treasurer Forum Society (7, 8); Treasurer Senior Class (7).



WENONA DYER

"All people said she had authority."

History Course. Wauregan Society; President Wauregan Society (5, 6); Student Body Treasurer (5, 6); Zephyrus Business Manager (7, 8); Student Body Secretary (7, 8); Girls' Basketball Captain (7, 8); Yell Leader (3, 4); Treasurer Sophomore Class (3, 4).



VERNER L. LUGNET

"They most the world enjoy who least admire."

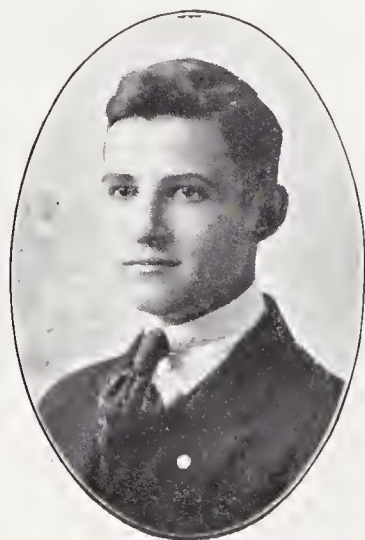
Science Course; Adelpian Society; Vice-President
Junior Class (6); Football team (5, 6, 7, 8).



PRISCILLA EAKIN

"Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are."

Language Course. Wauregan Society; Treasurer
Freshman Class (1, 2); Treasurer Junior Class
(5, 6).



THOMAS F. SANDOZ

"I hold he loves me best who calls me Tom."

Entered from Pendleton High School. Science
Course. Vice-President Senior Class (8).



NELLIE TENBROOK

"As merry as the day is long."

Entered from Ilwaco High School. Science Course.
Forum Society; Treasurer Senior Class (8).



DORRIS HOEFLER

"And the nightingale's sweet music
Fills the air and leafy bowers."

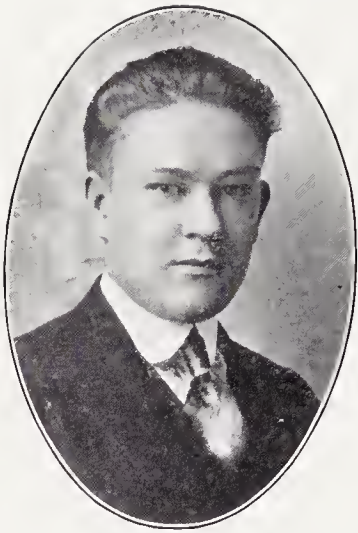
Language Course. Wauregan Society; Secretary
Freshman Class (1, 2); Treasurer Sophomore Class
(3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Pianist in
High School Orchestra.



ELLEN A. CARLSON

"Half as sober as a judge."

Commercial Course. Wauregan Society; Glee Club
(1, 2, 3, 4).



BEN HANSEN

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."

Entered from Westport High School. History
Course. Alfredian Society.



MINNIE AMBLER

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Teachers' Training Course. Wauregan Society;
Secretary-Treasurer Wauregan Society (7, 8);
Vice-President Junior Class (5); Secretary Senior
Class (7).



MARGERY GILBERT

"A merry heart goes all the day."

Language Course. Adelpian Society; Student Body
Treasurer (7, 8); President Alephian Society (7,
8); President Senior Class (7, 8); Associate
Zephyrus Editor (7, 8); Student Body 4-minute
speaker.



ANNA HENDRICKSON

"And grace that won who saw, To wish her stay."

Mathematics Course. Wauregan Society.



ADELINE OLSON

"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

Commercial Course. Alfredian Society; Secretary Alfredian Society (5, 6).



GEORGE E. TUCKER

"Fame comes only when deserved."

History Course. Alfredian Society; Captain Football Team (7, 9); Baseball Team (6).



HELEN REITH

"Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."

History Course. Alfredian Society.

ERNESTINE GOVE (February graduate)

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

History Course. Alfredian Society.



History of the Class of 1919

(ELSA LARSON)

FRESHMAN YEAR

Most Freshman classes are content to tiptoe noiselessly about and bask in the reflected glory of the upper classes, but not so the class of '19. Early in the second semester the class organized and the following officers were elected:

President, Lloyd Dalgity.

Vice-President, Wenona Dyer.

Secretary, Clara Settem.

Treasurer, Priscilla Eakin.

Editor, Frances Ward.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Ivan Cox.

The annual Freshman Mixer is now an institution, but let it not be forgotten that it was innovated by the 1919'ers! Several successful candy sales were given, and toward the close of the year the Freshman picnic to Deep River was an event enjoyed by all who participated.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

The '19 class blossomed out into the period of "wise fools" with glorious promise, and with characteristic wisdom chose the following officers:

President, Clara Settem.

Vice-President, Ernest Mamula.

Secretary, Agnes Haroldson.

Treasurer, Wenona Dyer.

Editor, Elsa Larson.

Boys' Basketball Manager, Paul Kearney.

Girls' Basketball Manager, Grace Goodell.

Who in the class has forgotten "Old Clothes Day," when the Sophs appeared in garb which should have called forth a relief drive? Do you remember Mr. Hayes' overalls?

A couple of candy sales were given during the year. It was decided that officers should be elected every semester so that no one should feel the burden of office too heavily.

JUNIOR YEAR

The First Semester officers were:

President, Merle Hussong.

Vice-President, Minnie Ambler.

Secretary, Margaret Ross.

Treasurer, Priscilla Eakin.

Editor, Elsa Larson.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Wenona Dyer.

Money! Money! It is the cry of the classes, and this was no exception. For patriotic reasons, only one candy sale was given, but the war cafeteria and a hot dog sale were very successful. The Juniors did another unheralded thing. Two editions of the literary gem, "The Crow of The Junior Cock," were printed and hailed with delight!

Second Semester:

President, Merle Hussong.

Vice-President, Clyde Johnson.

Secretary, Stanley Stickle.

Treasurer, Priscilla Eakin.

Editor, Elsa Larson.

Another very successful war cafeteria was given, greatly adding to the anxious cares of the Treasurer. Clara Settem succeeded Merle Hussong to the Presidency when the latter was forced to resign.

The Juniors, with characteristic promptness, arose to meet Uncle Sam's appeal, and it was decided to give a simple Junior Prom in the A. H. S. gym and thus conserve more than usual. The gym was prettily decorated in purple and gold streamers and trailing greens, and the shaded lights enhanced the simple beauty of the affair. The Juniors also decorated the stage for Commencement, and supplied ushers for that event and for the Baccalaureate Sermon.

SENIOR YEAR

With a grave and dignified cap and gown looming in the distance the Senior Class entered school with a great surplus of pep.

First Semester:

President, Margery Gilbert.

Vice-President, Stanley Stickle.

Secretary, Minnie Ambler.

Treasurer, Frances Ward.

Editor, Elsa Larson.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Wenona Dyer.

The first epidemic of Flu was certainly terrible! This statement can be proved by the fact that it entirely upset the activities of the '19 Class.

Second Semester:

President, Margery Gilbert.

Vice-President, Thomas Sandoz.

Secretary, Emily Anderson.

Treasurer, Nell TenBrook.

Editor, Elsa Larson.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Merle Hussong.

The chief event of the second semester was the Senior benefit given at the Star Theater this spring. The vaudeville stunts will be long remembered by all who saw them.

The Class has purchased rings and pins as remembrances of their school days.

As June, with its inevitable Commencement, draws near, we begin to realize that we are to leave the A. H. S. The leave-taking, however, will be nominal only, for we shall always be with our school in spirit, and we leave with the pleasant memories of four happy and profitable school years.

Au Revoir

There never was bestowed on me
A special gift for poetry,
About my head no muses play,
No folks go wild o'er what I say.

I know I'll ne'er be laureate,
My verse shall ne'er a fortune get,
But yet I turn to humble rhyme
And build my poem, line by line.

To you old school I turn my pen,
I ne'er shall have the chance again,
To put your praises into print,
Colors of gold and purple tint!

But you were good to me, old school,
Lots better than this poetry,
I wish I were a bard divine,
To put your praises in proper rhyme.

But other folks must play the bard
And make for thee a mighty choir,
My house now falls, all built of cards,
All I can say is au revoir.

E. M. H.

IN MEMORIAM

An incident which brought sorrow to the entire Senior Class was the death of Jennie Coleman on October 5, 1918.

Jennie Coleman was born at Westport, March 1, 1900, and received her earlier education there. She entered the Astoria High School in September, 1917, and in the one short year she remained here, her sweet and generous nature won for her a host of friends who feel the most sincere regret at her death.

“Gone before

To the unknown and silent shore.”

Senior Class Will

(M. A. and E. L.)

We, the class of 1919, being in sound mind and memory this day of 1919, do hereby bequeath a few of our most treasured possessions in the following manner.

First, we desire to leave our desks in the Senior Room and our cherished Roll Room teacher to the next Senior Class if they are fortunate enough to obtain them.

We also bequeath to the Student Body our reputation as scholars, and all honors and special privileges we have acquired, with the hope that same will not be abused.

As individual class members we desire to make the following bequests:

1. Merle Hussong desires to leave his French Notebook to Leonard Smithers.
2. Virginia Nesbit leaves her retiring disposition to Jeanette Smith.
3. Stanley Stickle leaves his application for American History to anyone fortunate enough to agree with the teachers views.
4. Margery Gilbert bequeaths her **Senior?** to Bobby Bartlett.
5. Fanny Bengtila leaves her definition of a locus to the next Geometry I class.
6. Adeline Olson and Anna Hendrickson bestow upon Elizabeth Setters and John Trullinger the benefits they have derived from Virginia N's friendship.
7. Mead French leaves his melodious voice to any brave nightingale.
8. Clara Settem desires to pass on to Miss Bergman her vast knowledge of Cicero and Virgil.
9. Katie Tolonen leaves her Basketball afflictions to Elva Hudspeth.
10. Thomas Sandoz leaves all the broken hearts in the Junior Class to Ted Anderson.
11. Ernestine Gove wills her stature to Shorty Glanz.
12. Bertha Hongen leaves her "1st. Sergeant" to Imogene Meserve.
13. Zoe Allen leaves her queenly dignity to Bernice Ystad.
14. Lucille Stewart leaves her "S" reputation to Coyt Allen.
15. Frances Danielson bestows her florist corsage bouquets to Frances Hongen.
16. Helen Reith leaves her winning smile to Elva Hudspeth.
17. George Tucker passes his football honors on to James Powers.
18. Wenona Dyer leaves her art of bluffing to Eugene Younce.
19. Olga Keller leaves her adventures in teaching to Bernice Burgess.
20. Minnie Ambler leaves her Utopian scheme for a League of Nations to anyone whose ambitions are valued at \$75.00.
21. Priscilla Eakin leaves her title of "Princess Pat" to anyone who happens to meet the christener.
22. Ellen Carlson leaves her Shorthand reputations to Lulu Nordland.
23. Swannie Ingemund and Emily Anderson bequeath their seriousness and studious habits to Bernice Ystad and Flora Toikka.
24. Verner Lngnet bequeaths his love for the fair sex to Curtis Dyer.
25. Frances Ward bestows on Mary Johnson her musical talent.
26. Ben Hansen desires to pass on the tronsers he cremated in Chemistry class to Sven Lngnet, hoping he will soon grow into them.
27. Dorothy Eakin wills her Spanish grades to Wayne Anderson hoping they

will not give him the swell-head.

28. Nellie TenBrook bequeaths her omnipresent sweater to Thelma Fisher.

29. Dorris Hoefler bequeathes her stand-in with the principal to Leonard Smithers.

30. Herbert Wilson bequeathes his ability "de parler francais" to "Mademoiselle" Henri.

31. Elsa Larson passes on to anyone who needs friends, those she has left after the publishing of this will, feeling sure same will not increase her social obligations.

Senior Class Prophecy

(NELLIE TENBROOK)

Astoria, Oregon, April 1, 1929.

Dear Emily:

Congratulations! I am so glad to hear of the success you and Swanhild have won on the vaudeville stage and I am looking forward to seeing one of your performances soon.

I have been visiting in Astoria for the first time since my school days and have had a wonderful time renewing old acquaintances. You would be surprised at the number of the members of our graduating class who have remained there.

The very first person I saw as I got off the train was Verner Lugnet in the uniform of a cab driver. I responded to his cry "Weinhard bus, this way!" and rode to the hotel in the driver's seat with him.

The next day I called up the Eakin sisters, who are living together, giving violin and vocal lessons. They immediately asked me up; I went that afternoon and had a lively chat with them. They tell me that Minnie Ambler is a high muck-a-muck in the British Benevolent Society here, and that Bertha Hougen is leading lady in "Jigg's Comedy Co."

After dinner, as I was strolling in the park, I came suddenly upon a man sitting on one of the benches. He had a daisy in his mouth and one in his button hole, and at intervals he would scratch a few lines on the writing pad on his knee. Suddenly, with a murmur, "Ah, I have it!" he began to scribble furiously. At that moment I recognized him.

"Merle Hussong!" I exclaimed.

He looked up startled, gazed at me a moment in utter disgust, and then slamming his pad upon the ground, began tearing his hair.

"Ye Gods, woman," he wailed, "you have spoiled my inspiration!"

This was a lovely welcome indeed, but I managed to survive it and even to calm him to such an extent that he got quite sociable and told me some interesting news.

In brief, this is what I gathered from our conversation.

Our old friend, Virginia Nesbit is a traveling-saleswoman for toilet articles and beauty lotions.

Margery Gilbert is making good use of her executive ability by filling the position of Mayor of Wauna.

Clara Settem is first violinist in Astoria's Symphony orchestra.

Anna Hendrickson is playing in Keystone Comedies.

Frances Ward is physical training director in the Warrenton schools.

Katie Tolonen is a Bolshevik soap-box orator.

George Tucker is Astoria's leading attorney and is well-known for his suavity of manner and his oratorical powers.

Adeline Olson is the pious wife of a Methodist minister, and her time is completely taken up with church affairs.

Frances Danielson is married to a prominent Astoria florist.

Meade French and Wenona Dyer have taken over the management of Cotillion Hall.

Zoe Allen has just published a book called "The new method of Spelling."

Elsa Larson travels about the country giving lectures to high school students on the value of study.

Herbert Wilson has gone back to France to the French wife he left behind him.

The second day I was in Astoria I went down town to see what improvements had been made in the old place. I was astounded at the change in Commercial street, but I wasted only a few minutes there for a building on Bond street loomed so far above everything else that I could not rest until I had seen what it was. As I approached it I read the words "Stickle Gum Factory" in glaring letters. I should have gone on without a thought had I not seen thru an office window upstairs, the profile of a man. I knew him at once by the systematic manner in which he was chewing gum. It could be none other than Stanley Stickle. I immediately went up to see him and he showed me his factory. Ellen Carlson is his book-keeper.

I had quite a talk with Stanley. He told me that he just received a letter from Thomas Sandoz, who, by the way is the leading New York designer of women's apparel. Thomas said he had just come from a cabaret where he had seen Ernestine Gove doing some clever toe-dancing.

As I left the factory I noticed a small notion store across the street with the sign "Keller & Reith Notion Counter."

I did not fail to visit Astoria High while I was in Astoria, and I was surprised to find a few acquaintances there. It was the first day of the new semester, and I noticed that the students were still scrambling madly to get into Miss Badollet's classes, and also that Mr. Elton proceeded to weed them out with his usual gentle manner. And who do you think I saw as I passed Miss Baker's old class room? None other than Ben Hanson, teaching an English VIII class.

I am leaving tonight so must close.

Very sincerely,

NELL TENBROOK.

P. S. So Dorris Hoefler is married again! Is that the fourth or the fifth time?

SENIOR BILL BOARD

By Wenona Dyer

Name	For Short	Redeeming Quality	Favorite Pastime
Frances Danielson	"Shortie"	Her height	Wearing flowers
Fanny Bengtila	"Fan"	Blushing	Explaining Geometry
Minnie Ambler	"Min"	Frivolity	Translating Latin
Clara Settem	Just Clara	Her fair complexion	Gesticulating
Anna Hendrickson	"Kitten"	Her large feet	Teaching Sunday School
Adeline Olson	"Ad"	Rosy cheeks	Playing with a type-writer
Katie Tolonen	"Kate"	Basket-ball ability	Arguing
Virginia Nesbit	"Ginia"	Her gracefulness	Writing to the "dere" departed
Olga Keller	"Olgie"	Her laugh	Working percentage
Margery Gilbert	"Marj"	Contagious giggle	Going shopping with Mama
Mead French	"Frenchie"	Gift of gab	Dancing
Elsa Larson	"Gaston"	Bashfulness	Dunning Wenona and slamming M. H.
Ernestine Gove	"Stine"	Diminutiveness	Holding down "the corner"
Ben Hanson	"Fat"	Knowledge of English Grammar	Playing pool
George Tucker	"Tuck"	Progressiveness	Playing foot-ball
Verner Lugnet	"Lug"	Baseball	Conversing with Miss Withycombe
Stanley Stickle	'SteamShip'	His grin	Chewing gum
Emily Anderson	"Babe"	Her large voice	Gurgling
Swanhild Ingemund	"Swanee"	Boys	Giggling
Bertha Hougen	"Bert"	Her complexion	Powdering her nose
Zoe Allen	"Alling"	"Stick-to-itiveness"	Eating
Frances Ward	"Skin"	Curiosity	Studing vocal
Priscilla Eakin	"Percee"	Her rapidity of speech	Practising violin
Helen Reith	"Heinie"	Vivaciousness	Running the Acme
Dorothy Eakin	"Dot"	Her Spanish	Dreaming
Merle Hussong	"Truck"	His walk	Studying "Robert's Rules of Order"
Ellen Carlson	"Ellensy"	Her boisterious laugh	Taking hikes
Wenona Dyer	"Bubbles"	None	Bumming
Thomas Sandoz	"Tex"	Southern accent	Flirting
Nell TenBrook	"Tenny"	Her mannish appearance	Buying second hand clothes
Dorris Hoefler	"Doo"	Studious air	Kidding the younger generation
Herbert Wilson	"Herb"	Soldierly bearing	Chattering French

FUTURE

“And I Said”	Ideal	Reality
“Oh Johnny! How sudden”	Single blessedness	Assistant florist.
“Oh Lawsy”	To discover a cosmetic to prevent blushing.	Cook at Poor Farm.
“Oh Gee”	Singing teacher at Willamette.	“Hello” girl.
“Gosh”	A second “Zimbalist.”	An Antiquary.
“I almost died”	Head nurse in a hospital yet to be built.	A dancing teacher.
“I’ll tell the world”	To succeed Mrs. Vernon Castle.	A minister’s wife.
“Goin’ to practice B. B. tonight”	Socialist candidate for President.	Member of the Salvation Army.
“When I was at boarding school”	A Captain’s wife.	Zeke’s wife.
“Gee Whiz”	To absorb all that is known in Berkeley	Sorting stock at Woolworth’s.
“Good-night”	Missionary.	Society Belle.
“Miss Withycombe, I know, but—”	Astronomer.	1st Cello in the “Thirsty Five.”
“I’ll say so!”	Editor of an International newspaper.	Old maid school-marr.
“Ain’t it so?”	Wedded bliss.	Cooking for “the” Coast Guard.
“That there”	To be the author of an English Grammar.	Stump speaker on “The value of English.”
“Oh, shucks!”	Capt. International Baseball League.	Pitching hay.
“Sure!”	“Model husband”	Bachelor.
“Ha-ha!”	Mayor of Columbia Beach.	Peddling gum at a circus.
“When do you spose he’ll come home?”	A second Sara Bernhardt.	One of the chorus of Post Ponies.
“Good Heavens!”	Short Story writer.	Type setter.
“And she laughed and laughed”	Sheriff of Skamokawa.	Demonstrator of cosmetics.
“I just love cream puffs!”	Explorer of the Great Unknown.	Astorian society reporter.
“How wild”	One of the Russian Ballet.	Book mender in A. H. S.
“I don’t know—ask Dorothy”	To succeed her father.	Dad’s adopted daughter.
“Well—”	Inventor of a new cash register.	Pickle clerk at a grocery store.
“Oh, dear, I’m so worried”	A linguist.	Blissfully wedded.
“Oh, curses!”	Dictator of League of Nations.	A. H. S. janitor.
“I’ll say it is!”	Founder of the Carlson Typist’s Home.	Private secretary to A. H. S. librarian.
“Oh, boy! oh, brother!”	Plenty cash on hand.	Broke!
“Oh, bless your little heart”	A second Bret Harte.	Experimenter with acids.
“Just vile”	A second Edwin Booth as “Hamlet.”	A model Charlie Chaplin.
“Ye Gods and little fishes!”	World’s greatest pianist.	Cashier at the confectionery.
“Well—in France—”	The next Premier of France.	Buck private in U. S. A.



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Notes

(BERNYCE BURGESS)

The Junior Class has been doing great things this year. Altho the first term was not very exciting, the second was one of much action and pep. The officers for the year were:

President, John Trullinger.

Vice-President, Eugene Yonnce.

Secretary, Bernyce Burgess.

Treasurer, Melvin Anderson.

The Prom was an interest and worry to all Juniors. After much discussion of means of obtaining funds for it, they decided to give a Mix-Up and several candy sales.

The Mix-Up was an entertainment long to be remembered. The students participating took great interest in the performance and "dug in." The acts presented were suitable for high-class vaudeville.

The Junior Class furnished three of the first-team basketball men, who in every game fought like demons for the purple and gold. They were Ben Lee, Melvin Anderson, and Max Hurlbutt.

Wait until this class becomes a body of venerable Seniors; then watch them make pep and life for old A. H. S.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Notes

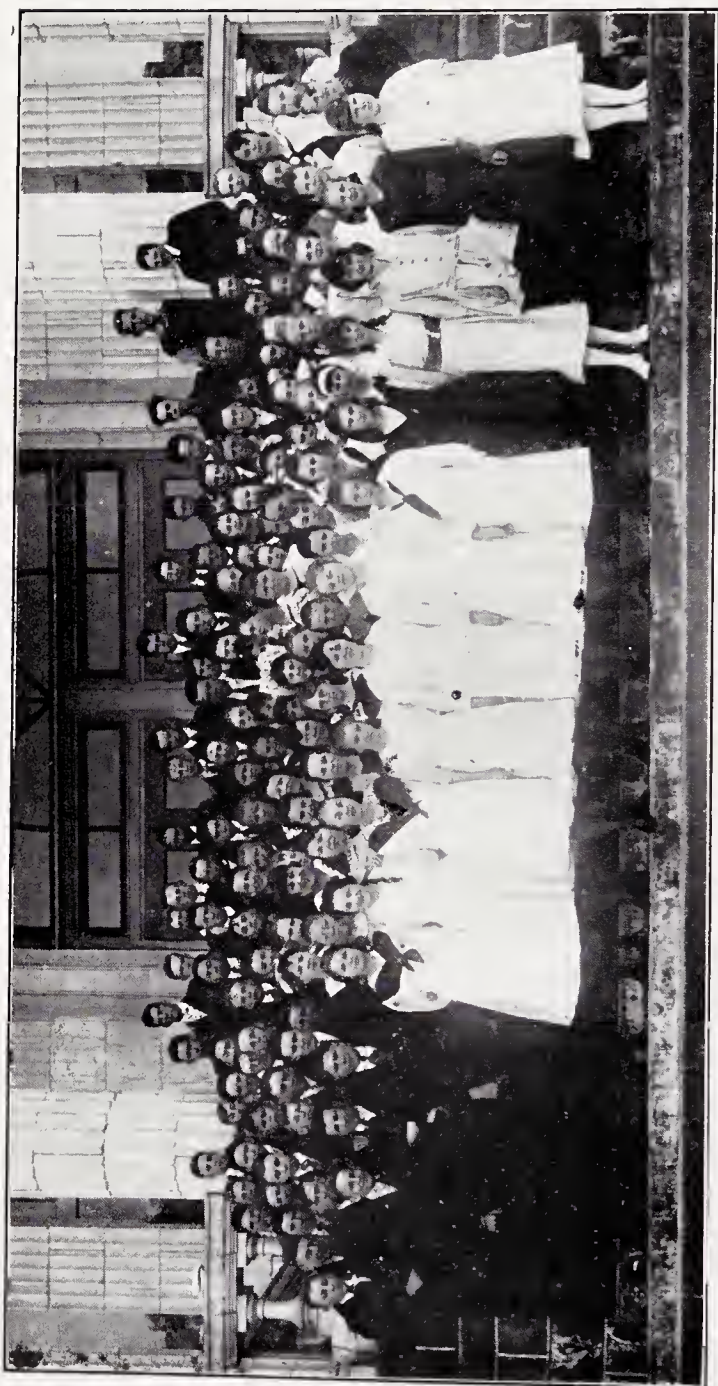
(RICHARD CARRUTHERS)

On January 23, 1919, a meeting of the Sophomore Class was held for the purpose of organizing and electing officers.

The following were chosen: President, Robert Rush; Vice-President, Wainer Anderson; Secretary-Treasurer, Richard Carruthers.

The class has already adopted a constitution by which to govern itself.

In the class meetings which have been held, spirit and enthusiasm have been far from lacking and it is evident that the '21's are striving for a leading place in school activities.



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Notes

(HAZEL JACOBSON)

The enthusiasm of the Freshman Class survived all epidemics this year and organized on December 20, 1918.

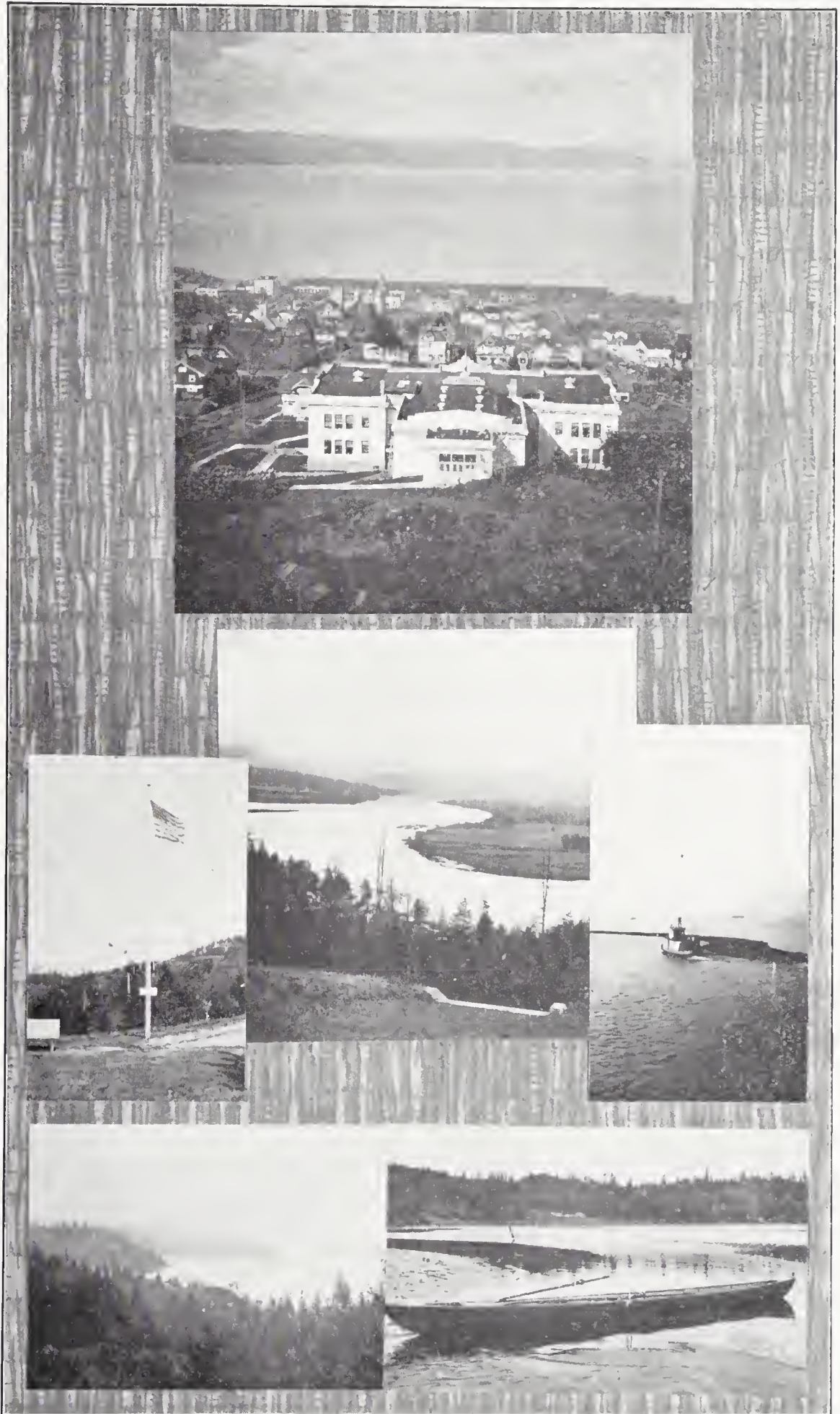
For the first semester the officers elected were as follows: President, Curtis Dyer; Vice-President, Edwin Moore; Secretary-Treasurer, Hazel Jacobson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jean Welch.

Considerable interest was shown in the Zephyrus and plans have been made for a candy sale, the proceeds of which are to be turned over to the paper.

The class is a large and enthusiastic one and augurs well for the future of the school.



VIEWS FROM ASTORIA AND VICINITY



VIEWS FROM ASTORIA AND VICINITY

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The Relation of a Chamber of Commerce to the Community

A Chamber of Commerce is composed of citizens, usually commercial, industrial, and professional men, organized in a body to promote the commercial, industrial, and general welfare of a city, the county in which the city is located, and the United States. It is what might be termed a community clearing house; it handles matters pertaining to the growth and the general welfare that no other body is in a position to cope with. If its members are active, there is no public question which they will not have an irresistible force in deciding.

It is important to know that Chamber of Commerce does not aim to bring immediate commercial advantage to any particular business; no member benefits directly. The Chamber exists as the entire power of the commercial community in meeting those large problems which, if not met by a body of this kind, will remain unsolved. For no single group of business men is adequate to deal with the community questions which vitally affect our industrial and commercial development. A Chamber of Commerce has nothing to sell by the pound or yard. Its only production is service. This service, whether individual, community, state, or national, is made possible only by the contribution by each member of himself—his time, his business experience, his ideals. The individual member serves through co-operation, and, through service, gains for himself. Problems of community benefit must be solved collectively.

The Astoria Chamber of Commerce since February 1st, 1918, has grown from the weakest to the second strongest commercial organization in the state of Oregon. Portland alone has more members than Astoria. On the date mentioned, the local Chamber had but 62 members and a monthly income of \$102, while today it has an individual membership of 300, or a plural membership of 750, and a monthly income of \$750, figured on a \$12.00 per year basis for each member. However, after May 1 the dues will be raised to \$25 per year, and this change will reduce the plural membership. On February 1, 1918, the Chamber was practically inactive and had little voice in solving local and national problems, whereas today it is energetically active in the city's affairs, and is carrying weight and influence commensurate with the dignity and position which a city of the size of Astoria should enjoy. Since its reorganization on the above date, it has taken the leading part in all war drives, except the War Savings Stamps Campaign and the last drive for Armenian funds. Besides, the Secretary was, before the signing of the armistice, Federal Food Administrator, Secretary of the Council of Defense, Secretary of the Executive Liberty Loan Committee, and Manager of the United States Home Registration Committee. Some of the most important civic matters on which the Chamber is now working are the securing of a new Post Office, a new Passenger Station, a new Library, and a Naval Base, and the staging of the annual Regatta and a County Fair.

An Agricultural Committee of the Chamber is co-operating with the farmers of this county to assist them in marketing their products, and to create interest in berry-growing, which will result eventually in the building here of new canning factories.

The Chamber has a Roads and Highway Committee which keeps in constant touch with the state and county officials in order to be sure that Astoria and the surrounding community get what they are entitled to in the way of road appropriations, and that improvements outlined and contracted for are carried forward. This Committee will take an active part in securing the passage at the June election of the law providing funds to build the Roosevelt Highway.

The merchants and professional men of the Chamber recently formed within the Chamber what is known as the Business Men's Department. All matters pertaining to merchandising and solicitation for advertising and charity purposes are referred to a committee at the head of this Department. Members of the Department meet once a month, and the Committee once each week. The Committee has saved its members \$7500 in actual money since November 15th, 1918, in passing unfavorably on applications for funds for advertising and for other purposes. In each case the Committee considered the cause unworthy of support, or the proposed advertising of no value. This Department maintains a Credit Rating Bureau in the Chamber rooms, which was recently put in operation with approximately 9000 master cards on file, showing paying habits of that number of individuals in Clatsop County. When all the reports have been received, it is estimated that there will be some 15,000 cards on file, which may be consulted by all members of this Department.

The Chamber of Commerce will in the very near future inaugurate a new feature which is in effect in all other principal cities in the Northwest. It will hold a members' forum at a luncheon once each week, which will be in full charge of a regularly appointed Chairman. New features will be added every week, and noted people of the country will be invited here to make brief talks on the topics of the day. This will have the effect of bringing members closer together and of allowing them to offer matters for consideration and execution by the Chamber.

At the present time, the Chamber of Commerce has thirteen Directors and four executive officers; namely, President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer. Regular meetings of the Board of Directors are held twice monthly on Wednesday evenings. Social sessions for all members are held in the Chamber club rooms once each month. The annual election for all officers and Directors is held on the last Tuesday of June each year.

The Chamber now enjoys a 95 percent membership of the commercial, industrial, and professional men in the city, and has closer co-operation than ever before among its members and with the city officials, the County Court, and the Port of Astoria Commission. With this spirit prevailing, big things can and will be accomplished for the good of Astoria and Clatsop County.

The Value of Credit

(By HENRY NELSON)

Credit is the greatest factor in our industrial system, and business would be almost impossible without it. There is not a large enterprise today that does not owe a great part of its success to credit. It is daily becoming of more and more importance. Without credit business would be a failure. Take away a man's credit and he will not be a success. If credit were blotted out in general, ruin and destruction would follow. Credit has done more to enrich the world than the products of all the mines of the world.

Credit may be defined as the power to obtain money, merchandise, or other consideration on the promise of future payment. The delivery of goods and acceptance of a promise to pay depend upon the confidence which the party making the delivery has in the receiving party to meet the future obligations. This confidence in each other's honesty forms the basis of credit. If you destroy this confidence, you destroy credit.

The granting of too liberal credit has in the past been the cause of the bankruptcy and failure of many firms, and today is too freely practised. This has resulted in discrimination in the giving of credit and in a careful study of the fundamentals on which it is based. This study has brought about the formation of certain principles which it is profitable for the business man to know.

The business world of today recognizes three fundamentals of credit. These fundamentals are character, ability, and capital. If all three are present, there should be no hesitation in granting credit. Usually, the first two, character and ability, are considered sufficient grounds for credit.

Of these fundamentals, a man's character may be considered as the most important. A reputation for honesty is an extremely valuable business asset. A man's character or business reputation rests upon moral habits, manners, associates, estimate by business associates, and honesty. A man with a good character can be depended upon to keep his promise if he is able. This is illustrated in history by the famous examples of Sir Walter Scott and Mark Twain. These two men went bankrupt, and although legally they were not required to pay any of their debts, they showed their noble character by paying every cent they owed. Character and executive ability seldom fail to get credit. A man without good character has no claim to credit, and the granting of credit to him by business men is always a great risk.

Next to character, ability or capacity is the most important. The ability of a man to carry out his special business successfully is an important consideration in the giving of credit. A grocer may be successful in his business and command good credit, but should he sell out and engage in a manufacturing business, the problem of credit becomes a serious one. He was a good grocer, but it does not follow that he will be a good manufacturer. Business done, profits, methods of management and efficiency of labor should be considered in measuring a man's capacity. If the credit man is satisfied with the applicant's character, how can he judge his ability? The following are some of the questions to be considered. What experience has he had in executive work? What knowledge has he of the business he wishes to undertake? Is he a good judge of the business which he undertakes? Is he a good judge of business conditions, resourceful, and industrious?

The third fundamental is capital, but it is secondary to the other two. About one-third of the failures in this country result from the lack of capital. Many business men furnish a full business outfit on credit, trusting to the customer's honesty and ability to make the concern a success. These excessive risks occur almost entirely in enterprises of small capital, and it is here that the greatest number of failures occurs. Although the amount of capital necessary before credit is given depends upon the size and kind of enterprise, there is no specific rule as to the amount of capital needed before credit is given. A few of the considerations concern the amount of insurance carried, the amount of stock carried, method of transacting business, and the percentage of bad debts. Each one of these considerations has some bearing on the question of whether a man, firm, or corporation will meet promises.

Turning from the fundamentals of credit to the parties benefited by credit, we find that there are three such parties. They are the individual or consumer, the merchant, and community as a whole.

The value of credit to the individual is not only that it does away with the cumbersome and unprofitable cash payments, but also that it benefits him in time of need. When a man that has good credit contracts a disease and is not able to work, he can command medical attention and get food because of his business reputation for honesty. Otherwise, becoming sick would be a matter of life and death. In the past many poor people have gone through severe trials because of this. In addition, the individual having good credit can engage in new enterprises and thereby become prosperous, and advance in life. These advantages and many others enjoyed by the man having good credit convince him of its far-reaching value.

Next in order comes the value of credit to the merchant. He also recognizes the benefits derived from it. The merchant can in the same manner as an individual secure credit from other enterprises and business houses. Besides, if his customers are honest he can carry on his business on a larger scale. In order to find out whether his customers are worthy of commanding credit, he makes use of many methods of gathering data and information about them. During the last few years a great improvement has taken place in the systematizing of information gathering. Salesmen may perform an important work by studying carefully the business habits of those to whom they sell. Attorneys, mercantile agencies, and traveling credit men are used by the merchant to gather credit information. The fact that the merchant uses all these methods goes to show what he thinks of the importance of credit.

Third and last is the value of credit to the community as a whole. We learn in physics that a body acted upon by a number of forces applied from different directions yields something to each force and moves in a line that is the resultant of all the forces. So it is in the matter of credit and the community. If the majority of people in a community are honest and command good credit, it naturally follows that the community is honest and commands good credit. This will enable the community to secure improvements and thereby advance its welfare. It will also secure the confidence of the outside world and thus build up its business reputation. It is easily seen that this asset is of inestimable value.

It is very apparent, then, that credit has a vast importance to the business world; that it is based on three fundamentals—character, ability, and capital; and that it is extremely valuable to the individual, to the merchant, and to the community.

Contributors to Annual Zephyrus

Astoria Drug Co.	Hughes, E. B.
Acme Grocery Co.	Jaloff, A.
Ahren's Cloak and Suit Co.	Johnson and Morrison
Anderson and Co.	Johnson, Dr. F. C.
Allen, A. J.	Lagassee, D. E.
Astoria Electric Supply Co.	Lovell Auto Co.
Astoria National Bank	Luukinen and Harrison
Astoria Furniture Co.	McCartney Electircal Co.
Astoria Hardware Co.	Nelson, Emil
Astoria Savings Bank	Norblad and Hesse
Astoria Sport Goods Co.	Oregon Baking Co.
Badollet and Co.	Owen and Peeke
Barr, Dr. C. W.	Oregon Co-Operative Mercantile Co.
Bee Hive	Owl Drug Store
Burke and Co.	Owl Printing Co.
Brown, C. V.	Prael Eigner Transfer Co.
Columbia Oyster House	Ross Higgins and Co.
Callender Navigation Co.	Sanitary Dye Works
Cook's Confectionery	Scandinavian-American Bank
Cordz Brothers	Schmidt, Chris
Donnerberg, D.	Shaner and Co.
Dayton Grace Drug Co.	Svenson Book Store
Erickson Florists	Sherman Transfer Co.
Farr Drug Co.	Skallerud, R. W.
Fisher Bros.	Sloop, B. J.
First National Bank	Star Theater
Foard and Stokes Hardware Co.	Stone, B. F.
Graham-Watt Clothing Co.	Taylor, A. J.
Gribler Music House	Utzinger's News Stand
Grant, Mrs. Mabel	Whitman's Book Store
Hanke and Co.	Whitehouse Market
Hildebrand and Co.	Wherity, H. J.
Hoefler's Confectionery	Withers, T. O.

Wilson Studio

EDITORIAL

SCHOOL SPIRIT

(By C. E. G.)

Student activities are backed by the pupils as a whole. Every venture undertaken is a success because the whole school is supporting it. This spirit of co-operation owes its inception largely to the school "mixers," class entertainments, and other social affairs which have had a tendency to make the students better acquainted with one another.

The effect upon the type of students in the graduating classes is plain. Replacing the glad-to-get-out-of-school, bored-to-death attitude that marked commencement in the past, is a spirit of enthusiasm and character-making confidence that will, in the years to come, make Astoria High School graduates American citizens of the highest caliber—citizens who will prove a credit to the nation.

School spirit, that intangible something which moves the student body to greater achievement, has been born anew in the Astoria High School.

From a carefree, irresponsible group, the student body of the A. H. S. has, during the past four years, become a progressive, earnest organization, with the interest of the school its constant aim.

Confronted with a student debt of over \$300, a negligible interest in athletics, forensics, and societies, and a corresponding laxity in school work, Professor James F. Elton accepted the principalship in 1915. Under his careful guidance, the school aroused itself from its lethargy and struggled to become an influence upon the rising generation of the city.

The first two years were spent in gaining the co-operation of the students along the lines of school activity. This accomplished, the result was immediately visible.

What attainments have been reached can be measured by the fact that the attendance at basketball games has increased to a point where the present gymnasium, tho the seating capacity was enlarged two years ago, fails to accommodate the crowds; that athletic teams have turnouts of from two to three times the number of men necessary; and that school plays and entertainments are being presented in a crowded auditorium.

The \$300 debt of four years past has vanished. There is a different financial tale to tell. Liberty bonds are in the school treasury; contributions to war activities during the past year alone totaled over \$1,000; and in addition to this, the student body is supporting two French war orphans.

CO-OPERATION.

In the history of our country we can trace the gradual development of our union from a group of weak, scattered colonies to a powerful group of states. Since the time of the New England Confederation, the people have gradually learned the lesson "In union there is strength." The Civil War was a struggle between those who believed in the supremacy of the states and those who believed in the supremacy of the nation. The benefits of union had been earned by toil, suffering, and bloodshed, and the victory of the nation proved that these time-tried benefits were real.

In the present century, we have come to the realization that nothing can be

done very efficiently without this spirit of union or co-operation, as we choose to call it. Every branch of industry has shown the growth of this element, and the results have more than justified the experiment. Since we have said that nothing is as efficient or possible without co-operation, we see at once the possibilities for growth in this direction in our schools. Who is there who wishes to say that our schools should not be as efficient as any other institution?

When our athletic manager calls for a large turnout to a basketball or football game, what is he pleading for? Co-operation. When our principal distributes tickets for a play or an operetta and asks us to advertise it as widely as possible, what is he advocating? Co-operation, again. What did our own Student Body do this school year when we bought Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps, made Victory pledges, and took part in so many other drives? We were co-operating with our Government. Has it paid? The present prosperity of our school will amply vouch for that, and since it is so evident that co-operation is a progressive, not a retarding factor, why should we not each assume our responsibility in sustaining it, and do our utmost to promote the welfare of the school and community?

BOLSHEVISM

In ante-bellum days, the only things which were classified as contagious and non-contagious were diseases, but in this day and age we must enlarge our ideas. The past few years have proved that nearly anything may be contagious, literally or figuratively.

Take, for example, the war. Could we not say that the war was contagious? It spread over a large part of the civilized world and would have spread its reign of terror even farther if it had continued a little longer.

At the present time the world in general and nearly every class and group of people in particular has to solve a problem of contagion, which seems new but is really something old as time put under a new name. This "something" is now termed the "spirit of Bolshevism." Properly speaking, at least as far as the name is concerned, this spirit originated in Russia, when its government, law, and order were overthrown, and lawlessness, disorder, and a reign of bloodshed and terror were substituted. Why did the Bolshevik not succeed in establishing a government that was permanent and efficient? Simply because they were one comparatively small class, with the narrow viewpoint of one class. Their vision was not broad enough; they thought only of one side of the question.

The same spirit is manifested in some of the unreasonable strikes which have occurred and are taking place right in our own country. A class of laborers strike for a change of some sort, be it wages, hours, methods, government, or anything else. Consider the Seattle strike, in which the laborers tried to revolutionize the whole city system. Why did they not succeed? As before, it was because they had considered themselves only and had not faced the issue squarely enough to see both sides.

Has this narrow-minded spirit of revolt pressed any closer to us than these strikes or these conditions in far-away Russia? Since the statement was made that nearly every group or class of people have felt the effect of this spreading spirit, should we not ask ourselves whether or not our school, representing a group of people, has suffered from this growth of anarchy?

In its mildest or worst form, it cannot but tend to weaken the morale of a school. Let us view from afar the results it has accomplished in Russia, its results in America, and then use every bit of school spirit we possess to save our

school from its influence.

The Zephyrus wishes to express its most sincere thanks to Miss Portia Baker, who has so willingly given her time and talents to make the annual Zephyrus a success.

To the Students of the High School, the Zephyrus Staff extends its heartiest thanks for their coöperation in the work of publishing this paper. Since we cannot adequately express our gratitude to each contributor personally, we take this means of thanking all those who promoted and encouraged the work of the Zephyrus in any way. Although the Staff realizes that this publication is far from perfect, it is the most sincere wish of the Editors that the students will forgive its faults, and prize it as the record of a happy and fruitful school year.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT



The Desert Isle

(ARTHUR JOHNSON)

The pirates bold were cast away
Upon a desert isle,
And in the center stretched away
A forest deep and wild.

And in the center of the wood
There lay a slimy lake,
Where slimy creatures crawled about,
Leaving a slimy wake.

The lake itself was not a lake,
'T was but a mucuous mere:
A stagnant thing which made men quake
Where all was unclean near.

The lake seemed but a part of Hell
Deserted e'en by God,
And made a well man feel unwell
While on the quaking sod.

Around the border, where it ceased,
The tangled forest grew;
Inhabited by prowling beast,
And bird of brilliant hue.

The stunted, twisted trunks of trees
Were interwoven 'round
With hanging vines that never ceased
Nor hung upon the ground.

A silence deep pervaded all,
No sound nor move was heard,
Unless perchance it was the call
Of some far distant bird.

A feeling came, tho' just the least,
But seemed to fade away,
As of some stealthy, prowling beast
Stalking his silent prey.

The muddy rivers ran a tide,
But never ripple played,
And alligators opened wide
Their jaws, nor sound was made.

And after this was open sand,
With stinging, acrid dust;
And burning sun beat on the land
Which baked a hardened crust.

Upon the isle, the only thing
That seemed God-given, free,
Was a tiny, bubbling, laughing spring,
The which was fair to see.

It merrily, cheerily flowed along
And happy seemed to be,
Singing a simple, smiling song
On its way down to the sea.

The pirates lived a year and day
Upon this water clear,
And why it was each passed away
I next will tell you here.

THE COOK

The cook one day was cooking lunch
Upon a fire hot,
Thought he, "I'd like to have a bunch
Of fruit 'long with the pot."

He told his Captain, "I will go,
Some luscious fruit to find."
He saw a bunch upon a tree,
And up the tree he climbed.

The gourds were yellow, nice and ripe,
The very best he found.
And after lighting up his pipe,
He clambered to the ground.

He bit into the nicest one,
It tasted fresh and sweet.
He took another bite and then
He dropped it at his feet.

They found him clawing at the ground,
Gasping his dying breath;
He died there with the men around.
It was the fruit of death.

THE MATE

The Mate he was a hulking brute,
His shoulders strong and wide,
His muscles knotted like a root,
And he strode a swinging stride.

One day his way he wended
For food for all the men;
But his life was that day ended.
And he never breathed again.

He stood beneath a shady tree,
His eyes searched o'er the ground.
A boa seized him, neck and knee,
And twined him round and round.

It squeezed him till his bulging eyes
Were bloody in his head.
He filled the jungle with his cries,
And it dropped him, lifeless, dead.

And when they came upon him
They found a bloody bulk,
The monster, dreadful, cruel, and grim
Had left a shapeless hulk.

THE BOS'N

The Bos'n was a brawny youth,
A pirate bad and bold,
A strangely-minded man in truth,
Who loved to search for gold.

One day while searching round the isle
He came upon the mere.
He thought "I'll tarry for a while
And see if gold is near."

He walked upon a rotted log
Which cracked, but did not break,
And peering through the misty fog,
He fell into the lake.

He settled slowy in the mud,
He almost sank from sight.
The rain came pouring in a flood,
And lightning split the night.

It showed a pallid, whitened face,
A look that told of woe;
It showed he knew he'd run his race,
And then he sank below.

THE SEAMAN

Bill Jenks, a seaman of the crew,
Came skulking through the night
To try to kill his Captain true,
For his mind was not aright.

The fiercely blazing, searing light
Which stared out from his eyes
Has ne'er been seen glow through the night
Except from madman's eyes.

He crept upon him stealthily
And glared his insane hate,
Twisting his face unhealthily,
As he thought of the other's fate.

The whitened face, the burning eye,
Showed plain e'en in the gloom,
And e'en the silence seemed to cry
The near approach of doom.

The Captain, ready, watched his eye
(The madman knew it not)
Then slowly raised the pistol high
To shoot the final shot.

The last man of the pirate band
Lay dead, his life was gone;
He lay upon the blood-stained sand,
The Captain stood alone.

THE CAPTAIN

The Captain stood upon the shore,
Upon his cheek a tear.
Thought he "I will get back no more
* To friends and wife so dear."

Then on the sea-line far away
He saw a tiny speck.
It was a boat; then broke the day,
The sun shone through the deck.

'Twas not a ship, 'twas but a lie;
Through every streamnig crack
Came light. The Captain wiped his eye,
And cried, "Alas, alack!"

He dashed into the breaking wave
With cries of frenzied fright.
He said, "What need my life to save."
Then plunged him down from sight.

While hissing bubbles rose all round
He left this mortal land.
The breakers tossed him up and down
And swept him on the sand.

A horde of white-wing'd gulls swept by,
Down from the heavens fell,
And then with shrill and raucous cry
Devour'd his mortal shell.

And there upon the burning sand
There lay the bleaching bones,
And from the rocks on either hand
There rose the deep sea's moans.

The Spy

(ANNA KOLLER)

The spy epidemic had caught America. It had carried Hicksville off its feet and was sweeping over new territory. Hicksville was sick of its dose; little Johnny Smith was too. The epidemic had not caught him napping. Oh no! that was not it. It was just this:

One morning Johnny Smith walked moodily to school. He was thinking of the pleasures of swimming in the creek near the woods. It was the first hot day in May, and such days were rare for that month. Swimming was nicer than studying. Besides, it was a healthy sport. So argued Johnny.

Near the post-office Johnny met his bosom friend and bitter enemy, "Huck" Davis, whose mother alone called him Percy. Johnny's seniority made him captain of all piratical expeditions, with "Huck" as first mate and crew.

Although Huck's right eye was decorated with black circle, the two boys greeted each other in a friendly manner. Yesterday's fights did not concern them. It was today that counted.

"What do you say to a swim?" asked Johnny.

Huck's eyes glistened. "I'll go you," he said.

So the two boys set off for the woods and freedom.

Neither of the boys carried books, only their lunches which were strapped to their backs. They were enjoying themselves immensely. This was the life!

The woods were quiet and cool. The ground was carpeted with fragrant pine-needles. A clear blue sky showed over the tree tops. Trailing arbutus and late crocuses showed their heads above the fresh green grass.

In an hour's time the boys reached the creek. After the long tramp they were heartened at the sound of the cool water. They threw off their clothes and plunged in. My, how nice and cool the water was! They swam and raced to their heart's content. They planned to do this always. Better than growing up and becoming ministers or teachers. Better than studying senseless arithmetic. Better than anything!

So the boys played all morning. When sun was high they ate their lunch. How good it tasted! Better than it did in school!

After lunch they planned the afternoon's pleasures. They would play war! Johnny would represent the Allies and Huck would play Germany's part. The younger boy protested, but Johnny, with the aid of his ever-ready fist, convinced him of the futility of questioning his captain's plans.

The war began. The Allies, with head down and fists clenched, charged at the Germans. The two armies staggered and tussled over the soft turf, striking wildly at each other, endeavoring to throw each other to the ground. Both boys were becoming blind, blood flowed copiously. The enemies clenched and rolled on the grass. At first Germany was uppermost, but the weight and size of the Allied armies prevailed. By this time both boys were breathless.

"Say die!" commanded the conqueror.

His opponent's answer was a last desperate struggle to regain his position of advantage, but the Allied representative's fingers closed around his neck. "D-ie," gurgled Huck.

The two drew apart, facing each other with new respect. "Now what did I—" began Johnny, but his words were cut short by a staring look of wonder in his

chum's eyes. He turned around in time to see a man dressed in an odd suit of clothes disappear in a clump of bushes. Under his arm he carried an old cigar box tied with a band of bright red ribbon. The remembrance of a rainy day spent in the garret reading "The Spy" by John Trooper, came to them. No wonder their first thought was "a spy!"

"How will we catch him?" breather Huck.

"Just like the Pale Avenger caught the murderer," whispered Johnny and ran forward to the spot where the spy had disappeared. The two boys crept through the sharp blackberry bushes and came into a little open spot surrounded by tall oaks. There was the stranger, standing still; his eyes were searching the glen as if he were looking for something. Suddenly he gave a low cry and knelt before a tree. The boys strained their eyes to see why he did so. But the spy's body was in the way. Suddenly he turned around as if he felt that someone was watching him. The boys shrank back into the bushes. Evidently the stranger lost his suspicions, for presently he stood up, his hands empty, and without a backward glance disappeared among the trees.

When the boys were sure that they were alone they hurried to the tree. A small hollow in the oak was covered with grass. Inside was the innocent-looking cigar box. With trembling hands the boys pulled it out. What might it not hold? Military secrets, messages in code, signals or commands. Johnny opened the box. Several letters with the number 450 on them stared in their faces. They were right! The man was a spy!

There was no time to lose! They must take the letters to Johnny's father, the county sheriff. He would examine them and find proof to arrest the spy.

The boys hurried home and found Sheriff Smith sitting on the steps, furiously smoking a cigar. There was a black look on his face and his forehead was knotted. Experience had taught Johnny to avoid his father on these rare occasions when the usually genial sheriff was in a rage. But the spy had to be caught, so Johnny marched up to his father with the papers.

"Miss Brown tells me that you were not in school today. Swimming, eh?" growled the sheriff.

Ordinarily Johnny would have been penitent—but this was not the time for repenting.

"Dad," he cried, "look what Huck and I found in the woods," and he waved the papers frantically before his father's eyes.

Rather dazed, the sheriff opened the letters. Sheets of heavy white paper folded triangularly stared him in the face. Not a word, not even the mystic "450" was written on the sheets. They were absolutely blank.

"What's this fool's trick you're playing on me?" demanded the sheriff as he shook the amazed Johnny.

"We found them in the woods. A spy hid them," stammered the boy.

At the word "spy" Sheriff Smith jumped. "Bet it is the one Deacon Brown was telling me about," he said. "We'll go tomorrow and catch him alone. There's a big reward."

For fear that Huck would tell his mother the secret and thus take away the honor of catching the spy from the sheriff, the two boys slept together. Sleep? No, they were awake all night whispering to each other of the treasures which would soon be theirs, for was not the reward a big one? Large enough to buy bicycles anyway.

After breakfast the sheriff and the boys went to the woods. It seemed strange

that spies could disturb the quiet peace here. The three hid in the bushes and waited. Bees buzzed distractingly, the sun rose higher and higher. The tired and hungry watchers shifted impatiently. Would the spy ever come? Just as Huck began to swear disgustedly, the bushes on the other side of the glen parted slowly and the spy stepped out. With a backward glance he ran to the hollow tree and dropping to his knees, tore away the dead leaves.

At this instant a uniformed man came out from behind a tree and walking up to the kneeling spy, tapped him on the shoulder. With a cry the spy turned on the newcomer. But a few soothing words from the stranger calmed him. He obediently held out his hands while the new arrival slipped a pair of hand-cuffs on his wrists.

"What—," began the sheriff.

"This man is an escaped lunatic from a private asylum; he imagines that he is a German spy. We've been trailing him for three days."

Sir Roger at the Play

CLYDE JOHNSON

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
I never knew a woman
That a man could trust."—Tennyson.

I was surprised and pleased the other day to receive an invitation from my friend, Sir Roger de Bum, to attend the late disaster perpetrated in the Astoria High School under the name of "The Captain of Plymouth." I accepted my good old friend's invitation with a sense of delight, as I realized that his unsophisticated comments upon the entertainment would afford me with much amusement, and probably with material for one of my ensuing speculations.

Upon the night of the play Sir Roger called for me at my lodgings and drove me to the school in his Ford limousine. He had considerable difficulty in changing gears on the hills; and complained that his rheumatism was steadily growing worse.

When we arrived at our destination we were ushered to our seats in the house by a young man diligently chewing gum, and whose face wore a vacant expression. He danced us to our seats to the refrain of "I'll Say She Does," which was being rendered by the attractive young lady at the piano.

Sir Roger, once he had settled comfortably in his seat, expressed his disapproval of the unseemly conduct of our usher; and declared that he had actually smelled tobacco on that young man's breath. I felt bound to concur with the knight's remark that "This habit is most disgusting in youngsters; and would not have been permitted in the good old days."

When the curtain rose, however, my friend at once regained his good humor, and his remarks on the various characters gave me considerable amusement. In the first scene, the dancing of the colony lads rather displeased the old knight; and he remarked that he could do much better himself, in spite of his fifty odd years. He listened with intense satisfaction, however, to the sorrowful solo of the Elder Brewster, and declared that it reminded him of his old house dog, of which, as I remarked in one of my previous papers, he was very fond.

At the first entrance of Priscilla and John Alden, the good old man was shocked into silence by the aspect of the Plymouth scribe's lower limbs; and satisfied his conscience by turning away from the objectionable scene to tell me that he

considered such a display of piano-legs as absolutely immoral. However, when he observed that this unseemly sight did not affect the composure of the people around him he was induced to turn again and view the stage.

Sir Roger was extremely annoyed when he observed that Priscilla's slippers were large and shapeless, giving her the appearance of having enormous flat feet. "There is nothing which I admire in a woman more than a neatly dressed foot and a well clad ankle," the knight was constrained to remark.

He remained silent for a considerable time after this; and I feared that I would be denied the pleasure of having his further opinions on the play. At the conclusion of the duet by Priscilla and John Alden, however, my friend applauded enthusiastically with his cane, and cried out, to the amusement of the surrounding audience: "Excellent,—an excellent young woman,—a fine young man,—a very fine piece of music." He then turned to me and remarked, in an undertone, that such excellent voices should be cultivated; and that the young man, especially, should take something for his voice. He added, innocently enough, that he had heard a famous singer recommend a mixture of sulphuric acid and nitro-glycerin in a similar case. I was inclined to agree with the latter part of the knight's discourse.

During the intermission following the first act, my friend was pleased to look about him in the audience; and he proceeded to call my attention to a gentleman with a bald head and large shell-rimmed glasses, who was gazing benevolently and with evident satisfaction at the overflowing seats of the auditorium. A little later, he rapped the young gentleman sitting in front of us smartly over the head with his cane for putting his arm over the shoulders of his lady friend.

As the curtain rose for the next act, Sir Roger replenished his chew of Copenhagen from a silver snuff box; and prepared to enjoy the play. During the Indian chorus, the knight thought it peculiar that all of the Indian maids should have papooses, and inquired of me what they did when they had a family of twins. I was slightly embarrassed by this query of the old knight's and was relieved to find that he did not insist upon an answer.

In the scene showing the captured Miles and Erasmms, the yelling of the Indians about the stake annoyed Sir Roger greatly; but he was pleased with the song and chorus of Wattawamut, saying, however, that the chief seemed to be unduly nervous, probably because of the tightness of his trousers.

Upon seeing the courageous Miles continually beset by the beautiful Katonka, my friend leaned over and whispered in my ear: "You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a contrary woman. Whether she wants you, and you are unwilling; or you want her, and she is unwilling, you are in a position of exquisite agony—." Whereupon my dear old friend began to rave unintelligibly, and sank into a deep meditation which lasted during the remainder of the play.

A Loud Sox Day

(THOMAS SANDOZ)

By the proclamation of three worthy Senior boys, a Loud Sox Day was to be inaugurated and celebrated on the twentieth day of March, Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen.

A little before eight thirty o'clock on this day, there was displayed upon the thoroughfares of this city, and later in the school, some of the most blinding and

dazzling combinations of colors that have ever been shown in the form of Loud Sox. This display would have shocked the most warlike American Indian, much more, civilized human beings.

As you walked down the corridors of that famous institution known as A. H. S., you might have seen a most brilliant display of all the ancient and future fashions in hosiery, and think of it! it was rumored that three of the members of the Faculty were tempted to fall in line. But you cannot blame them; it was the style that day.

As those freaks of hosiery were displayed before the very eyes of some of the more pious students, they went against their wills and beamed forth in smiles which tried to show contempt for the flighty students.

But what of it after all? It afforded pleasure for the young and foolish, and then too the merchants and dealers in loud hosiery were relieved of a considerable part of their war-paint stock, which was a good riddance of bad rubbish.

Inspiration

(ELVA HUDSPETH)

On Tuesday evening as I was performing my duties in the kitchen, I suddenly felt depressed! I tried to go on with my work, but this depression grew worse, so I stopped work and sat down to discover what ailed me. I decided I didn't have the headache, I had no pains or aches, so I didn't have the "Flu" or heart trouble,—I didn't have indigestion, I hadn't failed in Latin,—so what could be the matter? It suddenly dawned on me that it was that terrible essay I was supposed to hand in by Thursday!

Well, I went on about my work, as I was in no hurry to write the essay, and besides, I didn't have the essential,—an inspiration. But, upon thinking of the subject again, I felt as if an inspiration were really coming! I hastened to the study, and seating myself behind the desk, began to get things out of the way for action! I cleared away the papers and put all the books off the desk, except a dictionary and a book on composition, which I left in the hope that the shades of Noah Webster might visit me. I placed my feet flat on the floor, and rested with my left elbow on the top of the desk, my chin in my left hand and my right hand ready for action,—but alas! where was the inspiration? I then began to look around to find it. I searched the large drawer of the desk, but found nothing. I rummaged the small drawers, but all to no avail! My eyes now turned to the top of the desk. There sat Brooks' "Composition" in all his glory! But who could find an inspiration in Brooks' "Composition?" Not I. But what was that perched on Webster's Dictionary? I made a dash for it, but,—away it went. It floated out study door, thru the dining room, and into the kitchen, I running after it.

Here in the kitchen I proceeded to get the baking bowl and a large spoon in preparation for baking, which is one of my greatest pleasures. Having collected these things, I got the ingredients to make up the recipe which is as follows:

Four topics beaten into a good outline, and a cup and a half of vivid words, lightened with a half cup of exclamatory sentences, a cup of declarative and interrogative sentences. To this are added a teaspoonful of commas, a teaspoonful of semicolons, and a teaspoonful of periods. These ingredients are stirred together and two teaspoonfuls of confidence of an inspiration are added.

This mixture I put into paragraph pans buttered with suspense, and dropped

them on the floor for the climax. I put them into my overheated brain and baked for two hours. Behold the unbaked baking!

Do the Teachers Talk About Us?

The dismissal bell rang at 12:15. There was the usual mad rush for coats and the push and shove through the outer door; then a dead silence, but the place was not deserted. One by one the teachers locked their doors, and made their way to the "teachers lunch room."

Miss Watkins' sweet voice pealed forth, "Help, I am fall—" There she was, stretched across the window, madly pawing the air; she had tried to reach the butter which was on the teachers exterior cooling shelf, and had lost her balance. Fortunately for Miss Watkins, Miss Bergman succeeded in dragging her in.

"Come on Miss Watkins, and sit down while your coffe is hot; I'll get the butter," Miss Allen volunteered.

Miss Baker broke the silence, "What would you give a boy that hadn't recited even once. Actually, when I looked in my record book I didn't have a single grade for him the whole month. Everytime I call on him he draws out in the same deep voice, 'Well,—I don't know—', then a snicker sweeps over the class and he smiles good naturedly. Here is the cream for your coffee."

"Well, poor old Joe, you can't help but like him," Miss Badolett always helps a fellow out of a tight place.

"Miss Brown, hoist that hair knot of yours up about six inches. Its half way down your back now and still descending. By the way, Miss Brown, since you specialize in the art of hair dressing, kindly tell me how Jean Welch manipulates her wig. Those welts protruding out six inches over each ear, and that hair swathed across her forehead are beyond me." Doesn't that sound like some of Miss McKelvey's sarcasm?

"Miss Henry, will you please get the cream on the window sill."

Miss Henry remarked, while pouring the cream from the bottle, "Mell Callender is just getting out of his Buick with several girls. Here he comes packing a violin case up the stairs.

"He does seem to have quite a mash on that girl lately. I've seen him with her a lot." I didn't know that Miss Bergman was so observing of such things, but you never can tell.

Wasn't it splendid of him to enlist. He is so young." I thought Miss Watkins had a soft spot for— "Here is the butter Mrs. Kempthorne, it's almost too hard to spread."

"He has such fine big shoulders but he'll fall asleep in his tracks some day." Mrs. Kempthorne was struggling to soften the butter.

"Really, if he didn't get a little exereise by manicuring his finger nails in my English class every day, the poor boy would be snoozing most of the time. He sits right by the side of my desk, and sometimes he almost makes me scream with that finger nail clipper of his." Miss Baker is a nervous person.

They pushed back their plates. They were through eating and now is when they got in their good licks.

Miss Withycombe had the floor . . . "that boy actually talks faster than he himself can think. After he has been talking for several minutes, I just say,

“Meade, I didn’t understand one word you said. Now, start in at the beginning and—”

Miss Allen broke in, “Miss MacNaughton, did I hear something about a frog in your room yesterday?”

“Well, sir, that crazy Lula Nordland stuck one on my desk in front of me. I couldn’t keep from screaming, and when I looked up, there was Lula with her round, red face, grinning to her heart’s content.”

“I don’t know what I am going to do about the cheating that goes on in my room. Everytime I give an examination, I see someone at it.” I thought it was hopeless even to try it in Miss Withycombe’s room.

“Evidently some of it goes on in my room in the time it takes me to get a drink. My English 7 was taking a test, I had just returned to the room, when Clyde piped up, “Say, Miss Baker, would you mind leaving the room, I am stuck!” I imagine some in that class felt like mobbing him. What’s that Miss Wootton?”

“We were just discussing our future Student Body President. He’s up at her house night and day. He certainly is an ardent lover.

Miss Batts spoke for the first time. “Does that Leonard—Oh, what’s his name? —You know who I mean. Does he ever do any good in school?”

“Does he?” There was a general chorus.

“Well, now, I don’t care, he plays the piano beautifully. A person can’t do everything well.” There goes Miss Badollet, sticking up for the abused again.

“I don’t know what’s going to become of Dorris. She expects to graduate and she isn’t doing a——”

Mr. Elton came storming in. “Who’s that? Well, she tries and she’s going to get through. You know, I think a lot of that girl.” Lucky duck who “gets by” with that man.

“Periods will be reversed this afternoon,” he turned and stalked out.

Then the bell rang, luckily for the few remaining ones who escaped discussion for at least that day. But you never know when your turn will come.

Villefranche, Mar. 13, '19.

Dear Benefactors:

It is your little Paul who comes through the intermediary of his mother to thank you for the generous American gift that he has just received. Being scarcely five I do not yet know how to write, but I know that down there, however far away across the ocean, in America, I have godfathers who think of me, and who love me, and who are willing to help my mother instruct me.

I live in a little city, where I work my best. Later when I am big, I shall write often to my American godfathers. I shall tell them the plans that I am forming in my little head. Just now I am forming a thousand good wishes for the happiness and prosperity of my generous benefactors, knowing that I thank them from the depths of my heart.

Accept most affectionate kisses from your little adopted god-son

PAUL SUCHIER.

Villefranche, Mar. 13, '19.

Dear Benefactors:

I really do not know how to thank you for the generous gift that I received from you which shows me how great is your sympathy and affection for the little

orphans of France. I thank you from the depths of my heart.

Be indulgent toward my style on account of my age. At eleven I can not express in my letter all that my heart wishes to say to you.

Now believe sincerely in my gratitude. You may be certain that mother will use this money for useful and necessary maintenance, and for my education. I attend a free school of this city, where I try to apply myself my best—which I have not done up to the present—in order to please my teacher, my dear mother, and to become a good, accomplished, Frenchwoman who may merit the esteem and affection of her American godfathers.

Receive, dear benefactors, an affectionate kiss from your little god-daughter.

MARIE LOUISE SUCHIER.

The Rhyme of the Personnel

1.

Yes—they took me in the Army,
Gave me shoes and uniform;
Made a dummy soldier of me,
Far from where the battles storm.
I ain't got no gun nor bay'net,
Never seen a cannon yet—
Why, they wont let me go marching!
Do you wonder that I fret?

But I write, write, write,
Gee—the beggars keep me working half the night;
And there ain't no blood and thunder
'Ceptin' when you make a blunder;
Lor— I wish't I had a gun so's I could fight.

2.

All the blessed livin' daytime,
On a hard and narrow seat,
We just sit and write up so'jers
And its awful in the heat.
While the sun beats down like fury,
While the dust is every where,
We just sit and write up rookies,
Prayin for a breath of air.

We just write, write, write,
Gee—the beggars keep us working half the night.
And they laugh at us and jeer us
For no enemy aint near us;
Lord—I wisht I had a gun so's I could fight.

3.

We just sit and ask 'em questions:
Where they live and what's their age?
Was they ever in the service?

Why—the answers fill a page.
If they croak, where should we send 'em?
Where's their birthplace, who they keep?
And some's so bloomin' ign'rent
That their dumbness makes you weep.

But we write, write, write,
Gee—the beggars keep us working half the night.
Yep—we're in the Personnel,
If you ask me—why it's hell;
Lord,—I wisht I had a gun so's I could fight.

4.

For we'll stay here till its over
And the boys come marching back,
Telling how they licked the Germans,
How they gave Wilhelm the sack,
But even then they'll keep us,
Leftin' out what we let in,
Then they'll send us back to home folks,
Who will greet us with a grin.

For we wrote, wrote, wrote,
No—we didn't cross the ocean in a boat;
And we didn't see no fightin'
We was too darn busy writin':
Do you wonder that I think I am the goat.



SNAPSHOTS

What Do You Think

The school on the hill that stands by the river
Will always be dear to my eye,
And the thoughts of the times and the friends that I know there
Will be with me still when I die.

And the lawn that has stretched so enticing before me,
Will it always be green and well cut?
Will the bald-headed jan still be pushing the mower,
Or go chasing the kids, when ten years are up?

And will he still kick the kids off the gym floor,
If they happen to have leather heels,
And will he disturb the kids at their dinner,
If they leave on the floor orange peel?

And will the roses that bloom by the sidewalk
Be drooping there still when our kids grow up?
And will the trees that sway back of the school house,
Be standing there still or will they be cut?

(E. M. H.)

Sad But True

I stood upon the mountain
And looked upon the plain,
I saw a mass of something
That looked like waving grain.

I viewed the green field closer,
And found to my surprise
That what I'd thot was trembling grass
Was nothing but the Freshman class.

(E. M.)

Do You Remember "the Second Flood"

The rain had begun in the dawn's light
And busily all the morn
Had been washing away the woodpiles
That our wide streets adorn.

Every rain hat, cap, umbrella,
Went sailing away down the street;
Every stude came in complaining
That he had wet clothes or feet.

The water it dripped in a puddle
In the center of the office floor,

And faster than they could enter
Kids scooted out thru the door.

At last, in sheer desperation
The Principal called up the "Board"
Whose verdict was, "Ship them all homeward,
This weather was made for a Ford."

(E. L.)

The Seasons

The seasons come, the seasons go—
Winter brings the ice and snow;
Springtime brings the slush and rain,
With many an ache and inward pain;
Summer brings the bees and flowers,
The humming birds and thunder showers;
The ripened grain and much more
Autumn adds to our goodly store.
The seasons come and the seasons go—
They steal our years as on they flow;
Sometimes they're long, sometimes they're slow—
But we love each one as on they go.

(F. H.)

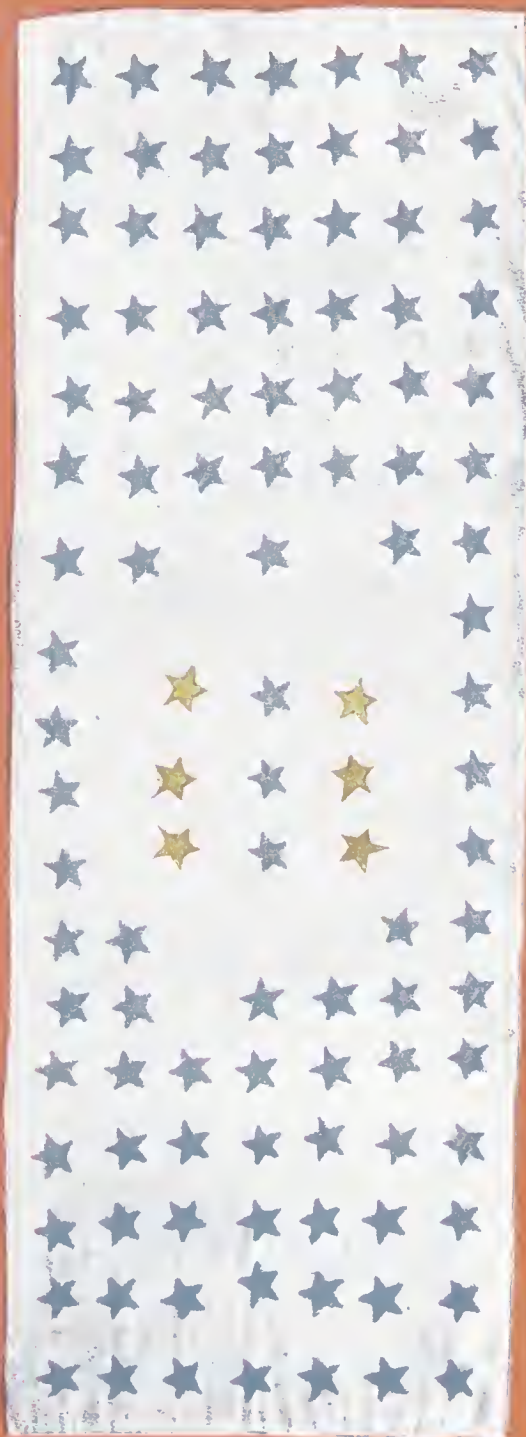
The Sophomore

The sweet young sophomore of the A. H. S.
Could think of nothing but dress, dress, dress,
The time put on studies grew less and less—
So when final tests came it was guess, guess, guess.

Soldier and Sailor

They left their happy homes and sailed across the sea
To fight for Uncle Sam and Liberty;
Now their noble work is done,
And the victory they have won,
So they're sailing back again to you and me.

(E. J. '21)



Our Service Flag

When the High School Service Flag, with its significant blue stars, was first unfurled before the Student Body, we were thrilled with pride to know that so many former students were wearing the olive drab and the navy blue.

As we look upon our flag now, our pride is mixed with sorrow, for in the center have been placed six gold stars, signifying that some of our boys have given their all for the cause.

In order that we may have before us a permanent reminder of the sacrifice made by these brave boys, the Student Body has purchased a memorial plate, on which are inscribed the names of those six who are represented by gold stars on our flag.

The plate, which is about eighteen inches by twenty-four inches, is of pure bronze. It is very attractively designed, the names being placed in the center, surrounded by a symbolic border of laurel, and surmounted by the American Eagle. The plate will be placed near the Service Flag in the High School Auditorium.

Honor Roll

*Charles Abererombie
Anson Allen
Joe Anderson
Norman Anstenson
Tony Antonich
George Backlund
Alex Barry
*Walter Baker
Fred Barker
Edward Beard
William Berg
Harry Billie
Brewer Billie
Fred Brakke
Ben Burns
John Bell
Alex Bremner
Raoul Carlson
Gns Carruthers
Victor Coffey
Lawrence Chellis
Roy Chisholm
Sidney Cordiner
Melville Callender
Harold Copeland
Arthur Danielson
Harold Dahlgren
Lawrence Dinneen
Neal Dow
Joe Dyer
Wallace Eakin
Charles Ekstrom
Albert Engbretsen
Lester Ellis
Lloyd Ellis
Herman Eleason
John Erickson
Otto Erickson
Philip Elliot
Fred Erickson
Arthur Fertig
John Finney
Leo Furney
Leslie Foote
Adrian Ford
Russell Fox
Alfred Gerding
De Witt Gilbert
Wetzel Griffin
Hamilton Garner
Albert Gragg
Yvon Guillaume

Seth Hall
Alfred Hanson
Lloyd Hammarstrom
Dolph Hardesty
Fred Hardesty
James Hegard
Williard Hayes
Jens Hermann
Marston Hussong
Herbert Hussong
Fred Hurlbutt
Lief Halsan
*Chris Johnson
Albert J. Johnson
Carl Josephson
George Joki
Earl Keck
Fred Keating
Semri Keiski
Frank Koller
Edward Lapping
Gearhart Larson
*Guyer Larson
Einard Lebeck
Sutton Linville
Lorenz Logan
Donald Latshaw
Andrew Malagamba
Robert Malarkey
*Gerald Malarkey
Otto Manula
Osmo Maunla
Elmer Manula
Arthur Manula
Wayne Manula
Sherman Mitchell
Victor Moore
James Moberg
Walter Mattson
Martin Nelson
*Niels Nielson
Carl Nielson
Rhoderick Noonan
Albert Nikka
Sulo Niemi
Andrew Olsen
Kenneth Parker
Harry Parker
Archie Peterson
Lorenzo Pilkington
Albert Prael
George Reifel

Max Riley
George Rosendale
Archie Rosendale
Bryan Ross
Ivor Ross
Robert Ross
Floyd Reith
Donald Roberts
Epstean Reed
George Salvon
William Sigurdson
Edwin Short
Seabury Short
Duane Souden
Sidney Sovey
Harvey Staples
George Tagg

Arnie Thompson
Horace Trotter
Clyde Trullinger
Earl Turner
Timon Torkleson
William Utzinger
Otto Utzinger
Arthur Van Dusen
Herbert Wilson
Richard Wilson
Edward Willikson
Tom Willikson
Jalmar Wilson
Abel Wright
Sherman Wright
Henry Weik

IN MEMORIAM

**CHARLES ABERCROMBIE
GERALD MALARKEY
CHRIS JOHNSON
NIELS NIELSON
GUYER LARSON
WALTER BAKER**

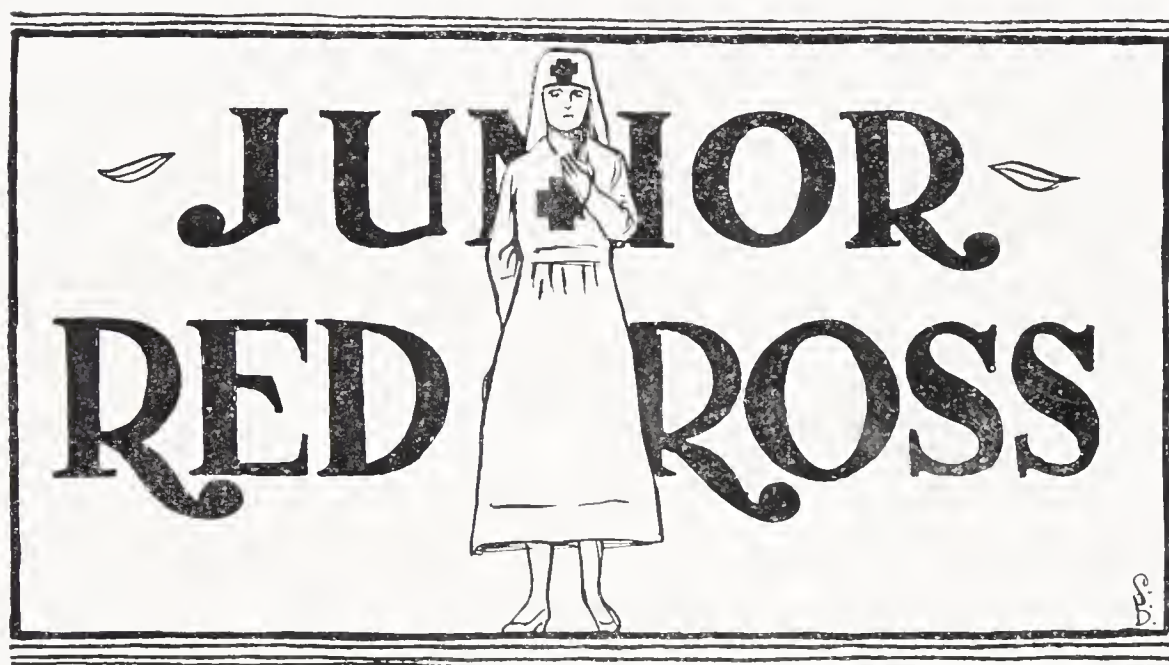
*"And those who sleep 'neath a far-off sod,
We will not forget, but pray
That we'll meet them there at the throne of God,
At the end of some perfect day."*

S. A. T. C. Boys

Paul Kearney
Otto Hermann
Robert Burns
Adrian Rouslow
Lloyd Stoner
Vincent Hagerup

Frank Hildebrand
Evald Edison
Ray Mooers
Ragnor Johnson
Roy Seim
Henry Mooers

Edward Finney



(MINNIE AMBLER)

The Zephyrus has a department this year that it has never had before, a department of which it is justly proud—namely, that of the Junior Red Cross. During the war the High School students, like everybody else, wanted to help out in every way possible, and in order to carry out this purpose, the Junior Red Cross was organized during the 1917-18 school year. Dues of twenty-five cents a year were levied. The High School was 100 per cent in Junior Red Cross membership.

Last winter the girls of the Junior Red Cross devoted their time to the making of gauze dressings, which were used on the battle fields of France. A case of 6000 was completed by the High School girls.

After the value of sphagnum moss, which grows so abundantly in this part of the country, was found, both boys and girls gave their time freely to this kind of the work. The boys willingly gave their Saturdays to gathering moss, while all worked industriously in cleaning it.

This year the work of the Junior Red Cross has been equally important. The High School girls made 35 handkerchiefs and 50 property bags for soldiers who were in the hospital.

When a trainful of soldiers was being sent home, the Astoria branch of the Red Cross wanted to give them a happy send-off. They asked the help of the

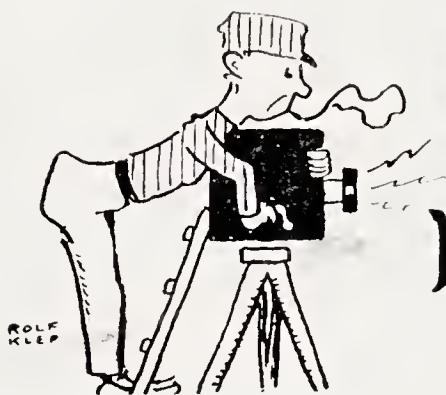
Junior Red Cross, and about 40 girls went to the depot to help serve refreshments to those boys.

At Thanksgiving the W. C. C. S. gave a dinner to all the boys in uniform in and around Astoria. The Junior Red Cross contributed \$50.00 to that fund.

When our dues were collected this year, the fighting in Europe had ceased. We thought probably our money would no longer be needed by the soldiers; therefore at Christmas we gave \$75.00 to the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society to help the boys and girls of Oregon less fortunate than we.

The last assignment given to the Junior Red Cross was the making of 50 knitted caps to be sent to the Belgian and French babies. The work was enthusiastically taken up by the girls and is now well on the way to completion.

Nominally, the work of the Junior Red Cross is finished, but the alert attitude of the members testifies to the fact that necessity will always find them ready to put their whole-hearted efforts into any work they may be called upon to undertake.



GLEE CLUB and DRAMATICS

(EMILY ANDERSON)

1918-1919

"The Captain of Plymouth," an operetta, given by a mixed chorus of boys and girls, was a success both from a financial and from a dramatic standpoint. Miss Nina Riggs proved a most efficient director for the play, and was deserving of the praises of the public on her excellent management.

The play was typical of colonial times, and the characters were very well chosen. The numbers deserving of special mention were, the song and dance by the sailors, the "Indian Lullaby," and the chorus of Puritan men and maidens.

The following was the cast for the play:

Miles Standish, (who is wonderfully like Caesar)	Myron Hoefler
John Alden, the diligent scribe	Arthur Johnson
Priscilla, the fairest maiden in Plymouth	Imogene Meserve
Elder Brewster, to whom life is only sorrow	Stanley Stickle
Katonka, an Indian princess	Margery Gilbert
Mattawamut, the Indian chief	Carl Laine
Merey, a demure little Puritan	Wenona Dyer
Erasmus, Miles' right hand man in his army	Merle Hussong
Stephen, lad of the colony	Ben Lee
Richard, lad of the colony	Max Hurlbutt
Gilbert, lad of the colony	Mead French
Pecksualt, an Indian Messenger	Arthur Mitchell
Sextette: Mary Johnson, Emily Anderson, Swanhild Ingemund, Dorothy Bennett,	

Eleanor Furney, Hazel Jacobson.

Soldiers: Lawrence TenBrook, Eben Carruthers, James Davies, Fred Harrison, Teddy Anderson.

Choruses of Sailors and Indians: Ben Lee, Max Hurlbutt, Mead French, Coyt Allen, Curtis Dyer, Charles Diamond, Carl Laine, Emil Berg, Arthur Mitchell, Eneio Laanti, Edward Moore.

Puritan Men: Isaac Ponttu, Max Nelson, Max Hurlbutt, Ben Lee, Mead French, Emil Berg, Arthur Mitchell, Edward Moore, Curtis Dyer.

Indian Girls: Hilda Braunstator, Dorothy Cole, Sedoris Jordan, Jeannette Smith, Edith Mason, Florence Hoagland, Margaret Nelson, Fay Easter Allen, Eleanor Eakin, Helga Maunus.

Puritan Maids: Grace Hendrickson, Beatrice Fish, Gertrude Larsen, Henrietta Hansen, Elizabeth Setters, Elsie Onkka, Reba Westersund, Lila Warren, Elizabeth Nelson, Alba Jenson.

The Sextette, under the direction of Miss Riggs, has been singing for numerous benefits and societies. The following are the members: Sopranos, Mary Johnson and Dorothy Bennett. Second Sopranos, Imogene Meserve and Swanild Ingemund. Altos, Wenona Dyer and Emily Anderson.

1917-1918

The music-loving people of Astoria were literally taken by storm when the annual school operetta, "The Wild Rose," was presented during the 1917-18 school year. Mrs. Stella Williams-Wright was the able director.

"The Wild Rose" was a play full of life and gaiety portraying simple country life. Throughout the play the stage was decked with a profusion of beautiful pink roses.

The cast was as follows:

Rose McCloud, a popular young society belle	Helen Gronholm
Mary Forsythie, her secretary	Anna Hendrickson
Mrs. Fussy, her housekeeper	Wenona Dyer
Lady Grey, an eccentric playwright	Florence Griffin
Miss Writemcup, reporter	Mary Johnson
Miss Putmedown, reporter	Nellie Carle
Dora	Saima Onkka
Flora, debutante	Clarissa Crosby
Molly, debutante	Gertrude Larsen
Polly, debutante	Emily Anderson
Miss Talkalot, suffragette	Imogene Meserve
Mrs. Doingood, charity worker	Eleanor Furney
Madame Sewseams, dressmaker	Zoe Allen
Madame Feathertop, milliner	Ethel Carter
Madame Smellsweet, perfumer	Elizabeth Setters
Bobby	Margery Gilbert

Chorus of Maids: Grace Hendrickson, Wilma Kvistad, Ollie Nyman, Goldie Josephson, Beatrice Fish, Ruth Slotte, Madeline Rasmussen, Stella Lahti, Edith Mason, Adeline Olson, Alice Wherity, Lena Bartlett.

The double quartette of the 1917-18 school year was composed of: Sopranos, Helen Gronholm, Nelle Carle, and Mary Johnson. Second sopranos, Margery Gilbert, Eleanor Furney, and Imogene Meserve. Altos, Helen Gordon and Emily Anderson.

The double quartette under the direction of Mrs. Stella Williams-Wright, sang at the Star, Liberty, and Sunset functions.

Dramatic Notes

(ZOE ALLEN)

The cast for the Senior play, "Bachelor Hall," is now rehearsing under the direction of Mr. Elton, who expects to stage the play on the twenty-third of this month. "Bachelor Hall" is a comedy from the beginning to the end. Indeed, it would seem that the difficulties which arise from a complication of amusing events could never be satisfactorily explained, but, manipulated by the genius of the playwrights, they are happily straightened out in the last act.

Confident that Mr. Elton will bring out the best there is in the play and in the cast, many are looking forward to the staging of the comedy.

Cast of Characters:

Hon. Geoffrey Myrtleton, Congressman from the 9th district	Melvin Anderson
Silas Jervis, Myrtleton's constituent from Rambleton	Stanley Stickle
Elisha Bassett, Myrtleton's constituent from Rambleton	Chester Noonan
Ensign Jack Meredith, acting under sealed orders	John Trullinger
Pinkerton Case, amateur detective	Arthur Johnson
Vere Lee, an amateur actor and author of "The Fatal Shot"	Thomas Sandoz
Jasper, a butler at "Bachelor Hall"	Edward Moore
O'Rourke, a policeman	Merle Hussong
Betty Vance, Myrtleton's ward	Wenona Dyer
Dolly Reynolds, an amateur actress	Dorris Hoefler
Mrs. Van Styne, who has dramatic aspirations	Margery Gilbert
Claire, her daughter, who has not	Zoe Allen

School Notes

(C. S.)

School opened on the ninth of September amid rejoicing, but it was not long before we took an enforced vacation of five weeks. The cause of this unexpected and unprecedented vacation was the "Spanish Flu."

The student body officers who took up their duties this year are: Merle Hussong, President; Wenona Dyer, Secretary; Margery Gilbert, Treasurer; Digby Williams, Sergeant-at-Arms; Elsa Larsen, Editor of Zephyrus; and Wenona Dyer, Business Manager of Zephyrus.

This year the student body has been addressed by many able and interesting speakers. James Palmer of the local Y. M. C. A. spoke of his experience in the Y. M. C. A. overseas. B. F. Stone told of the possibilities and resources of Astoria as a port. The great American question, "Will it pay?" was discussed by Dean John Straub of the University of Oregon. Colonel Leader, also of the University of Oregon, told us several interesting war stories. The girls twice had the pleasure of being addressed by Dr. Richter, who spoke on the subject, Social Hygiene. Mr. Lechner, the county agent, gave a very interesting and instructive talk on the agricultural possibilities of Clatsop County. During the Armenian drive, many touching experiences of suffering Armenia were vividly portrayed by Dr. Coan, a missionary and former resident of that country. Other speakers were Miss Davis, of the Children's Welfare Bureau and "Dad" Atkinson of the Y. M. C. A.

One afternoon we had the pleasure of having with us a group of Y. M. C. A. entertainers. Mr. Jenkins who is teaching "our boys" to sing led us in several songs. He was accompanied by Mr. Coutes, a sailor. Mr. Coutes, who has gained considerable attention abroad as a singer and a pianist, rendered several vocal solos. Miss Parker of Seattle also sang a few pleasing songs.

One of the big affairs of the school year was the Freshman Mix-up given under the auspices of the student body. Approximately two hundred students were present to enjoy the entertaining program and the "Eats."

By far the most important and impressive assembly was that at which the six gold stars were placed on our service flag. The ceremony will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. Several business men were present and Mr. Gratke spoke in their behalf.

The student body has done its share during the many war drives. Last year we purchased one hundred and fifty dollars worth of Liberty Bonds, this year we purchased one hundred dollars worth. The fifty dollar bond was given to the first Armenian drive, and a hundred dollar bond was given to the second drive. Then we adopted two French war orphans, Marie Louise and Paul Suchier, for a year at a cost of seventy-five dollars. During the United War Work drive the students pledged themselves to "work and give" a certain amount of money to the cause. Later the student body gave money to the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society. Finally, the High School chapter of the Junior Red Cross gave fifty dollars to a Thanksgiving dinner given for enlisted men by the War Camp Community Service.

It is exceptional and noteworthy that a student body should give away so much money in a school year. Therefore, I emphasize the fact that we have donated the following:

Victory Pledges	\$ 625.00
Armenian Relief (including a \$100 bond)	204.57
War orphans	75.00
Boys' and Girls' Aid Society	55.50
Thanksgiving Dinner	50.00
<hr/>	
Total	\$1,010.07

The students of the four higher English classes participated in an essay contest conducted by the Business Men's League. The subject of the paper was "The Value of Credit." Four prizes of ten, seven, five, and three dollars respectively were offered. Henry Nelson received the first prize, Nell Carle the second, Harry Peterson the third, and Minnie Ambler the fourth. Honorable mention was accorded to Elsa Larson, Henrietta Hansen, and Gertrude Larson.

Now we are coming to the end of another school year and many students will not return, but, as is always the case, others will step in to take their places, and school life will continue to go on as it has always gone before.

1913 Class Reunion

(MARTHA LARSON)

Back in the dim and distant past, the class of 1913, famous as the largest graduating class in the history of the Astoria High School, agreed to hold a reunion on the fifth anniversary of their graduation. The class was composed of the fol-

Following members:

Rose Anderson
Alfred Anderson
Dorothy Epping
Albert Engbretsen
Albert Gragg
Weina Granberg
Lief Halsan
Dea Imel
Emma Jackson
Earl Keek
Martha Larson
Walter Matson
James Moberg
Margaret Nielson Anderson
Albert Nikka
Hilda Peterson
Hugh Pendergast
Margaret Pinnell

Floyd Reith
Carl Sanders
Emily Sanders
Alex Sarpola
Vivian Suti
Tong Sing
Quong Sing
John Smith
Nanna Tassala
Anna Thompson
Agnes Voss
Mary Ward Hager
Carolyn Waterhouse Evenden
Emma Wooton Hall
Elsie Youngsted
Timon Torkelson
Tekla Weik
Jalmar Wilson

Did they have a reunion, you ask? They surely did! The meeting was held at the Irvington Club Rooms, June 24, 1918. Those who answered the roll call were:

Rose Anderson
Elsie Youngsted
Mary Ward Hager
Margaret Pinnell
Albert Engbretsen

Margaret Nielson Anderson
Emma Jackson
Hilda Peterson
Martha Larson
James Moberg

Carolyn Waterhouse Evenden

The class was fortunate enough to have with them Miss Dora Badollet and Miss J. Gertrude Hulse, beloved teachers of their old High School days.

A delightful evening was spent recalling events of their school days and last but not least, refreshments were served.

The reunion was in the nature of a farewell to two of the boys, Albert Engbretsen and James Moberg, as it occurred on the eve of their departure for military service. It is with a thrill of pride that the 1913 er's can say that every young man in the class answered the call of our country in the recent war and joined the colors in one branch or another.

The class enthusiastically decided to hold another reunion on the tenth anniversary of their graduation, and the gathering broke up with the hearty injunction, "Let's all be there."

If the reunion fever is catching, the following graduates will gather this year to talk over the best times they ever had:

Albert Anderson
James Bangsund
Edward Beard
Dorothy Dunbar
John Finney
Russell Fox
Georgiana Garner
De Witt Gilbert
Carrie Glaser

Blanche Lorntsen
Euphemia Lugnet
George McConnon
Sherman Mitchell
Nancy Morrison Tagg
Gladys Pearson Rogers
Donald Roberts
Thearon Skyles
Elva Staples Salisbury

Anna Heikkala

George Kaboth

Gail Hardesty Drilling

Margaret Trotter Noe

Samuel Vannice

Margaret West

Dorothy Montgomery Fertig

Astoria High School Calendar

(E. L.)

Amid the tears of the Editorial Staff, that part of the calendar which extended from September 9 to 14, was checked off the literary honor roll as "missing in action." Unfortunately, it contracted a severe case of "Flu" and, in its delirium, it crept out into "No Man's Land." It was never recovered. From Oct. 14th to Nov. 18, the Calendar did not exist.

November 18.—School opened amid the usual rejoicing of the students.

November 19.—"Flu" has noticeably sharpened(?) the intellects of the studes.

November 20.—Teachers: "We will have to work hard—Ditto! Ditto!"

November 21.—Aren't those French kiddies lucky? Look at the parents they've got.

November 22.—Football! Rah!

November 25.—6—0. Some team!

November 26.—Dark rumors of vacation floating about.

November 27.—**One** day for Thanksgiving dinner!!!

November 29.—**Did** you see the absence lists?

December 2.—"Give tests today!" "Lucky Junior! I have three!"

December 2-4.—Nothing to do but—study!

December 5.—History 6 class shiver with cold(?).

December 6.—A little rain today. Variety is the spice of life.

December 9.—Talk about "blue Monday." Even those sunny reports looked blue.

December 10.—Making up "Inc's" mostly.

December 11.—Looks like snow! Hooray.

December 12.—The snow fell—in torrents!

December 13.—"Now, back in New York—" (History 6).

December 16.—First Zephyrus assignments. "Why pick on me?"

December 17.—Congratulations, Arthur, that speech will go down in History.

December 18.—Petition for redress of grievances. **Three** days for Xmas!

December 19.—First holly walked in today.

December 20.—Worse and more of it! Mistletoe this time.

December 23.—"Mr. Elton, may I be excused at 2 P. M. tomorrow? You see—"

December 24.—Flora Toikka receives a Xmas gift. Appropriate unto the child is the gift.

December 25-30.—Santa Claus.

December 30.—Absence epidemic hits hard. Local physicians commend Castor Oil.

December 31.—Everyone very studious to give the old year a good send-off.

January 2.—Wnona D. resolves to get a **high** Chemistry Grade. (You know what happens to resolutions).

January 3.—191—What?

January 6.—Four weeks to exams. How exciting.

January 7-8.—Spring fever started early, judging from the absences.

January 9.—"Has anyone a cold? If so—"

January 10.—Rumors of closing school again.
 January 13-14.—Absolute vacuum.
 January 15.—Psychology class toys with the Board.
 January 16.—Juniors talking **Prom** already.
 January 17.—Fire in the Chemistry Lab. Poor Ben!
 January 20.—About half the studes present are not **here**.
 January 21.—Girls: "Ah! doesn't Col. Leader look distinguished?"
 January 22.—Oh, boy! No school on account of rain. Pray for another flood.
 January 23.—Bright stude: "Within the last few years we have had war, famine, a pestilence, and now a flood."
 January 24.—One week more!
 January 27.—"Can you make it in Hist. 6?" "Huh, depends on—"
 January 28.—Nine rahs for Elton! no T. Tr. exams this semester.
 January 29.—Groans! Three "written reviews." (camouflaged tests).
 January 30.—Imogene M. decides not to pass on honor so she won't be separated from "the bunch."
 January 31.—"And all the air a solemn stillness held." (Honor lists).
 February 3-7.—Exams! Tortures! Suspense! Nerve-racked studes!
 February 10.—Speaking of conflicts!!! First-day Freshmen **come** with their books.
 February 11.—Grief and groans in Chemistry class. Conditions—1, 2, 3, 4, etc.
 February 12.—Boys get half holiday. Tain't fair, says girls.
 February 13.—The editor commences to dun, dun, dun.
 February 14.—Valentines, of course.
 February 17.—Cafeteria menu published! Talk about eats!
 February 18.—Aren't the Freshies tiny? Who directed the Kindergarten up here?
 February 19.—Who wants a job squeezing lemons? (Some people we know need it).
 February 20.—Zephyrus Cafeteria! Console the Freshie who was cheated of a piece of cake.
 February 21.—Dishes for the asking in the D. S. rooms.
 February 24.—How do you spell the name of our paper? Ask Clara S.
 February 25.—Masculine cheers from the study hall! A mad rush for the stairs!?!
 February 26.—Extra! Extra! Senior boys strike! Object is doubtful. Result—the laugh on them.
 February 27.—Football letters. "I thank the S. B. for the honor bestowed upon me." Ditto! Ditto!
 February 28.—"Let the victor be crowned with laurels." Mr. Elton will organize a class in wreath-making.
 March 3.—Bill from Wilson's studio for broken camera. The Seniors will pay the damages.
 March 4.—Absolutely nothing except rain plus a little excitement in the office.
 March 5.—"Hello, Dad." "Hello, Bill." For particulars see Priscilla E.
 March 6.—Proud(?) Seniors. (Look at their pictures).
 March 7.—Saturday tomorrow!
 March 10.—Did you see any strangers at school?
 March 11.—Rather noisy in the T. Tr. room. That's all.
 March 12.—Reports!?! Nuff said.
 March 13.—English classes sadly disturbed all P. M. General atmosphere of noise next door.
 March 14.—"Mercy, girls, what **is** Commercial Discount?"
 March 17.—For general **greenness** the Sophs outshone the Freshies.

March 18.—Did you see the children playing “New York” in the hall?
 March 19.—Juniors to right of us, Juniors to left of us, Practiced and practiced!
 March 20.—Look heavenward. Bright colors are hard on the eyes! (Loud sock day).
 March 21.—Seniors: “Did you go to the Junior Mix? Wasn’t it punk!”
 March 24.—Keep off the grass. By order of the prof.
 March 25.—How do you spell a “moving picture show?” Asks Nell T.
 March 26.—Health authorities (the absence lists) state that the spring fever epidemic is more serious than “Flu.”
 March 27.—Doctor! Doctor! Students nearly asphyxiated in Chemistry Class.
 March 28.—Ye scribes hold first official gathering. See the ink fly.
 March 31.—Tests! More tests! Tests galore!
 April 1.—April fool, Miss Baker.
 April 2.—Day after April 1. That’s all.
 April 3.—Talk about baseball! Look out, Seniors, the Sophs are out for blood.
 April 4.—Credit Essay returns. You can’t touch Henry with a ten-foot pole.
 April 7.—Eng. 5 class paralyzed with fear. Dreadful apparition (Wenona D.) appears in doorway.
 April 8.—Plan on foot to mob Wilson’s studio.
 April 9.—If a bay has a 9 pt. and a 4 pt. pail, how can he measure 7 pts of water? Ask T. Tr. class.
 April 10-11.—Senior picture exchange. Oh!! Ah!!
 April 14.—Slogan contest started! \$25. Talk about visions!
 April 15.—Arithmetical formula discovered by T. Tr. class. T. Tr. class \times principal = Nervous breakdown.
 April 16.—If a tub contains six inches of water and our principal stands in it, what will he weigh?
 April 17.—Easter vacation. Isn’t that emf?
 April 18-21.—No school.
 April 22.—“Miss Brown’s class” is disturbed. How **could** you, John?
 April 23.—Slogan Day!!! Add a new one to your list of groans, Miss Baker.
 April 24.—To look at the absence list you might know there was a Freshie Candy Sale yesterday.
 April 25.—Everybody takes an intelligence(?) test.
 April 28.—Zephyrus goes to print. The Staff is eating of the “lotus plant.”



SNAPSHOTS

Societies

Upon the already overburdened shoulders of the "Flu" we are forced to place still another load, the failure of the Literary Societies in filling their usual place in school activities this year. Last fall, when an enforced vacation of over five weeks was necessitated, the Societies had not yet been organized for the 1918-19 school year, and later, on account of the increased amount of class work made necessary by the vacation, the students were unable to take up the work of these organizations. For this reason the Society Notes of which we are usually justly proud, are lacking in the 1919 Annual. This lack will probably be more than supplied next year, for the enthusiasm which has been suppressed this semester will be able to accomplish wonders.

Since the school enrolment shows such a decided increase, it has been thought best to limit the scope of the Societies to the three upper classes. This plan will be put into effect next fall.



WAUREGAN SOCIETY



ALFREDIAN SOCIETY



FORUM SOCIETY



ADELPHIAN SOCIETY

ATHLETICS



Football Notes

(GEORGE TUCKER)



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Astoria 9

Rainier 0

Astoria 0

Jefferson 45

In spite of the fact that Astoria High was without a coach at the beginning of the football season, practice was begun on Sept. 16. A large turnout reported for practice, there being four last year's "A" men back. As a whole, however, those who reported for practice were new men without any previous knowledge of football. The coaching difficulty was later overcome when Mr. Kletzing, a former Eugene football star, was secured as coach.

In the early part of October A. H. S. football team journeyed to Rainier where they succeeded in defeating the upriver city by a score of 9 to 0. Since this was the first game, the victory gave the locals a great deal of encouragement. About this time all the schools closed on account of the influenza, and remained closed six weeks. It was impossible for the team to practice, and consequently it was disbanded until after the "flu."

When school reopened in November, the team again managed to get together. Two valuable men, Harry Ekoos, tackle, and Ira Tucker, sub. halfback, failed to return to school. However, this did not cripple the team, altho it weakened it considerably.

The greatest difficulty the team encountered was the inability to secure games. Several games had been promised earlier in the season, but owing to the "flu" disbanded and did not reorganize. Manager Hurlbutt secured a game with Jefferson High School for Thanksgiving day. It was an ideal day for football, and consequently a large crowd of supporters were present. Jefferson started off with a rush, taking Astoria right off her feet. The first half ended 33 to 0. Astoria tightened up in the last half and allowed Jefferson only 12 points. The final score stood 45 to 0. Jefferson had a team of well seasoned veterans, who knew every fine point of the game and showed themselves to be a fine bunch of players,

which is a great credit to their coach. This game ended our football season.

A. H. S. lineup of subs:

M. Hussong	R. End L.	M. Anderson
A. Anderson	R. T. L.	R. Deane
C. Johnson	R. G. L.	C. Laine
V. Lugnet	Center	
F. Harrison	R. H. L.	M. Hurlbutt
G. Tucker	Fullback	
B. Lee	Quarter	

Subs: I. Pouttu(end), I. Tucker (halfback), B. Lebeck (end), A. Mitchell (guard), E. Wentjar (guard), H. Ekoos (tackle), and J. Saari (tackle).

Because of the fact that only two games were played this season, it is a difficult matter to give the individual players all the credit they really deserve. Most of the men were beginning to round into shape, and had the season been a normal one, they would, no doubt, have showed up in great style.

The backfield positions, this year, were filled by Lee at quarter, Harrison and Hurlbutt at the halfback, and G. Tucker at fullback. All the backfield men with the exception of Lee, earned letters the year before. Although Lee is a new man, he filled the quarter back position very satisfactorily, and another year of football will make him little less than a star. Hurlbutt and Harrison, halves, carried the ball with speed, and were usually good for yardage around end. Harrison's ability as a punter, and Hurlbutt's ability at passing were noteworthy thruout the season. At fullback, Capt. G. Tucker played a steady game. He played up unusually well on the defensive.

M. Anderson and Hussong held down the end positions in a very satisfactory way. They were exceptionally fast in getting down under punts and often tackled their opponent in his tracks. Mel is a hard worker, and should make good next year as captain of the football squad.

At center, Lugnet showed up well. He passed the ball with reasonable accuracy on the offensive, and on the defensive he plunged in and broke up many a play, sometimes tackling his opponent behind his own line. Lugnet's playing in the game with Jefferson was especially laudable.

C. Johnson, C. Laine, and A. Mitchell played the guard positions this year. They are new men and will all be back again next year to fill a position in the line.

A. Anderson and R. Deane held down the tackle jobs. They are both fighters, and are always sure of their share of the tackling. Both men will be back next to take their old positions. H. Ekoos played tackle in the Rainier game and promised to be one of the strongest men in the team.

There are numerous other players who turned out steadily, but owing to the short season, did not get a chance to play. They will all be out again next year seeking their "A's."

Altho a greater success for the football team was prevented by the influenza, the players do not feel that the season was a complete failure. An assembly was held during the early part of March and twelve men presented with "A's." Those who received letters were: V. Lugnet, Geo. Tucker, F. Harrison, M. Hurlbutt, B. Lee, A. Anderson, C. Laine, C. Johnson, M. Anderson, A. Mitchell, M. Hussong, and R. Deane.

A meeting was held, and the group of twelve letter men selected, Mel Anderson as Captain for the season of 1919. We hope for a very successful season under the leadership of Captain Anderson. During the same meeting Fred Harrison was

chosen manager.

With Athletics on a pre-war basis, the prospects for a winning football team next season are very encouraging. Only three "A" men will graduate the coming June. They are: V. Lugnet, center; M. Hussong, end; and G. Tucker, Captain and fullback. As far as known, all the other "A" men will be back again to wear the purple and gold and help make football history for old A. H. S.

Basketball Notes

(BEN LEE)



Although we failed to carry off the championship in basketball this season, the local team has no reason to be ashamed and every reason to be proud of the record they leave of the 1918-19 basketball year.

The crowd who turned out for practice was composed for the most part of entirely new players, and great credit is due to Coach Malone for the building up of an all-star team from this material. One fact which promises a brilliant season next year is that the regular team will all be back at school, and there is every indication of a good chance at the championship.

This year the regular team was composed of the following players:

Forwards, Richard Tennant and Ben Lee.

Center, Max Hurlbutt and Bob Deane.

Guards, Melvin Anderson and Fred Harrison.

Subs, Myron Hoefler, Clyde Johnson, Merle Hussong, Jim Hansen and Joe Saari.

Although the season was divided about fifty-fifty between defeat and victory, on the whole it was very successful. The reputation of Astoria's team spread all over the state, and it is with pride that we can say that few teams fought harder for their colors than the Astoria quintet fought for the Purple and Gold at the State Tournament March 14 and 15.

Interscholastic Games

We played our first game with our old rival Clatskanie High and gave them a drubbing by a score of 23-2. Tennant and Lee started the season in fine shape, tossing the ball in the net time after time. Hurlbutt at center and Harrison and Anderson as guards did good work.

Rainier vs. Astoria

We played our second game of the lower Columbia league against Rainier. Lee and Hurlbutt again led the team in scoring for the local boys. At the end of the game the score was 42-9. Coach Malone ran in the subs at the second half and they proved that they were capable of filling the shoes of the A. H. S. five.

Columbia "U" 15—Astoria 11

One of the hardest fought games was against the Columbia "U" five. Harrison led the scoring for the locals by making 6 points out of the 11 made. The game was not won until the final whistle, and the visitors went away with the impression that the Astoria five would give any team in the State a run for the championship.

Hillsboro vs. Astoria

The last game of the season was not exceedingly fast, and the local five ran away with the up-river quintet by mopping them completely off the floor to the enormous score of 46-26. Lee made the most points for a single game of the year when he put the pill in for 22 markers. The team finished their last game in a blaze of glory, satisfying the large crowd which attended the game. Gore, the unexpected marvel, starred for the losers.

INDEPENDENT TEAMS

Columbia Club 26—Astoria 20

The first Independent game was played against the fastest independent team in Lower Columbia. In the first half the High School boys could not get started, but when they came on the floor the second half, they fought extremely hard and soon were on even terms with the opponents. The game was not won until the last minute of play by the star playing of Abe Langhardt of Columbia Club.

O. A. C. Frosh 48—Astoria 18

The second independent game was played with the O. A. C. Frosh. The High School boys could not get started in this game, but Anderson played a good game at guard, where time after time he kept the opponents from making a basket.

THE VALLEY TRIP

Dallas Cadets 28—Astoria 24

The first and best of the valley games was played against Dallas Cadets. The game was fast and furious throughout, being a tie until the last two minutes of play. Harrison and Anderson at guards played extremely good ball and with the help of Hurlbutt at center and Tennant and Lee at forwards made the game interesting for their opponents.

Hillsboro 27—Astoria 19

The second game of the valley trip was played against the Hillsboro five. The game was not fast for the reason that the Astoria boys could not gauge the baskets in their true style.

Jefferson 10—Astoria 18

The last and most glorious game for the Astoria five was that in which they defeated the Jefferson five on the Y floor in Portland. This is the first game in which the high school team has won from a Portland team for years. The fast

playing of Tennant at forward was the best for the high school boys that night, and by the help of the other players it was easy for the five to take home the honors from the up-river five.

STATE CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT

Silverton 20—Astoria 17

The local five, after winning the Lower Columbia Championship, journeyed to Eugene to participate in the championship games. The local boys drew Silverton and played them the same afternoon. The game was fast and exciting from the start to the finish. The local boys led the first half by one point. In the second half they fought hard, keeping the score ties until the last minute of the game. Harrison's work at guard won him honorable mention for the State All-Star team which was selected by the Oregon U. Varsity.

Girls' Basketball Notes

(HELEN GLANZ)



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Enthusiasm ran high among the girls this year, especially among old "stars" of last year, and quite a large number turned out for basketball.

Two teams were selected, and lively practices were held in the school gymnasium twice a week. The first team, with Wenona Dyer as Captain and Helen Glanz as Manager, lined up the following players: Forwards, Katie Toolnen and Hannah Yrell; Center, Wenona Dyer (Capt.); Guards, Louise Leinenweber and Helen Glanz; Subs, Elva Hudspeth, Petra Johnson, and Helma Erickson.

During the latter part of the season, the team took a trip to Warrenton and played the local High School team there. Owing to the illness of one of our guards, the team was handicapped, and the game resulted in a score of 6-5 in favor of Warrenton.

This defeat did not in the least dampen the spirits of the team, however, and

as nearly all the players expect to see active service again next year, a rousing good season is expected.

Much thanks is due Miss Withycombe for so obligingly sacrificing much of her time for our interests.

Baseball

(VERNER LUGNET)



BASEBALL SNAPSHOT

Early in April, as soon as there were signs of sunny weather, the interest of the students turned to baseball. As an outgrowth of many challenges and boasts, a league was formed. It is called the Doughnut League, and the teams enrolled are chosen from the four classes. The games have been played on the A. F. C. field. Each nine plays two games with each other nine; thus there is a total of twelve games for every team. The team making the highest percentage will be awarded a pennant by the Student Body.

Thus far seven games have been played and the Freshmen are in the lead. The Juniors and Seniors are tied for second place, with the Sophomores in the rear.

The Freshmen, who are leading the League, have a strong line-up, as all the players have handled horse-hides before. They have an exceptionally good battery, and their infield and outfield work well together.

The Sophomores had a poor start, and because of lack of a good pitcher, they are bringing up the rear. They are going to try hard, however, to win the remaining games.

The Juniors have played well lately, altho they lost their first game to the Seniors. They are tied for second place, and if they win the next game, they will be tied for first place with the Freshmen.

The Seniors started out strong, taking the first game from the Juniors by a score of 11 to 5. After this game they began to weaken, barely winning from the Sophomores. To the Freshmen they lost by a large margin, but now, owing to changes in the line-up, they are determined to win their next game, and determina-

tion counts.

The line-ups for the teams are:

	Freshmen	Sophomores	Juniors	Seniors
Catcher	Tennant	Tucker, I.	Laine	Serles
Pitcher	Harrison, Capt.	Wallace	Hurlbutt, Capt.	Tucker, G.
1st Base	Saari	Peterson	Lee	Johnson
2nd Base	Luoto	Pouttu	Noonan	Sandoz
3rd Base	Diamond	Anderson	Lebeck	Lugnet, Capt.
Short Stop	Carlson	Smith	Nelson	Hussong
Fielder	Bennet	Carruthers	Allen	Shamberger
Fielder	Tucker, J.	Rush	Wentjar	Wilson
	Lee	Debban	Garner	Stickle
	Tucker, A.		Edmiston	Hansen
			Leinenweber	French

The percentages up to date are:

	Played	Won	Lost	Percent
Freshmen	4	3	1	750
Sophomore	4	0	4	000
Junior	3	2	1	666
Senior	3	2	1	666

The scores for the games are:

Freshmen	12	Sophomores	3
Seniors	11	Juniors	6
Juniors	8	Freshmen	7
Seniors	9	Sophomores	7
Freshmen	13	Seniors	1
Juniors	11	Sophomores	3
Freshmen	14	Sophomores	4



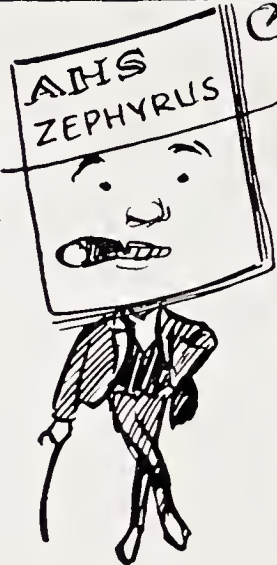
SNAPSHOTS

Who's Who in A. H. S.

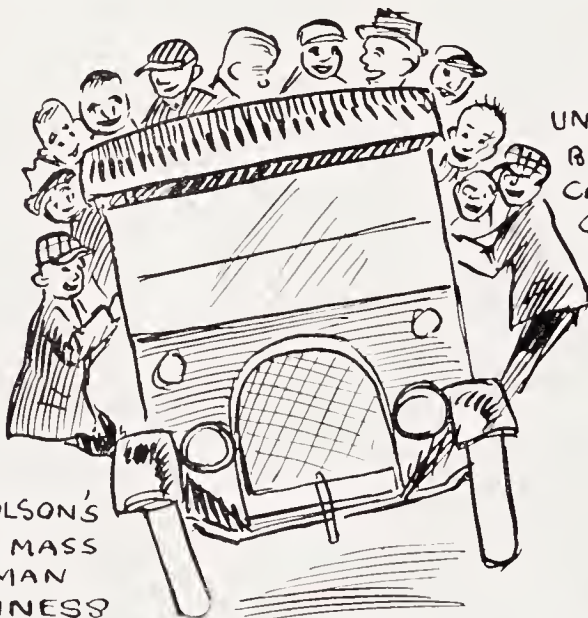
President of Student Body	Merle Hussong
Secretary of Student Body	Wenona Dyer
Treasurer of Student Body	Margery Gilbert
President of Senior Class	Margery Gilbert
Secretary of Senior Class	Emily Anderson
President of Junior Class	John Trullinger
Secretary of Junior Class	Bernice Burgess
President of Sophomore Class	Robert Rush
Secretary of Sophomore Class	Richard Carruthers
President of Freshman Class	Curtis Dyer
Secretary of Freshman Class	Hazel Jacobson
Editor of Zephyrus	Elsa Larson
Business Manager of Zephyrus	Wenona Dyer
Associate Editor of Zephyrus	Margery Gilbert
Associate Editor of Zephyrus	John Trullinger
Captain of Football Team	George Tucker
Manager of Football Team	Max Hurlbutt
Captain of Boys' Basketball Team	Max Hurlbutt
Manager of Boys' Basketball Team	Ben Lee
Manager of Girls' Basketball Team	Helen Glanz
Captain of Girls' Basketball Team	Wenona Dyer
Yell Leader	Myron Hoefler
Four Minute Man	Margery Gilbert

⑦ **LITTLE DOBS
OF INK**
(WE CAN'T HELP THEM)

MY MIDDLE
NAME'S
MONEY, KID,
AND DON'T
FERGET ME
NEXT YEAR



ANCIENT HISTORY STUFF —
(FROM WALL CARVING)
ASTORIA HIGH TRACK TEAM 1919



BUCK OLSON'S
MOVING MASS
OF HUMAN
HAPPINESS

WHY!
UNDER THE
BLUE
CANOPY
OF HEAVEN
ETC, ETC,



YE BASEBALL
SEASON IS ON —
ALSO THE POISON
GAS.



Curtis
Delton
Dyer
1919



Jokes

Ted A.—“Can a person be punished for what he hasn’t done?”

Miss B.—“Of course not!”

Ted A.—“Well, I haven’t done my Geometry.”

An Ohio man whose son was an applicant for a position in the Federal Civil Service, but who had been repeatedly “turned down,” said:

“It’s sure hard luck, but Bill has missed that Civil Service again. It looks like they just won’t have him, that’s all.”

“What was the trouble?” asked the friend.

“Well, he was kinder short on spellin’ and geography an’ he missed a good deal in arithmetic.”

“What’s he going to do about it?”

“I don’t know,” said the father. “Times are not so good for us, an’ I reckon he’ll have to go back to teachin’ school for a livin’.”—Everybody’s Magazine.

Principal to Freshie’s on “first day”—“Go to your first class!”

Boys—“How can we when we haven’t our books?”

T. Tr. girl to her class—“What kinds of divisions are there?”

Bright Willie—“Long division, short division and spruce division.”

Prof.—“What is your conflict?”

Junior—“I haven’t anything the third period.”

Prof.—“Well, I’ll get you a job carrying in wood for the janitor.”

Ben L. in Latin Class—“The Roman Flu was here.”

Miss B.—“All who wish to take part in a three o'clock session may be excused!”

E. M. H.—“Why, Miss Badolett, I wasn't doing anything!”

Miss B.—“That's just the point, Merle. I know you weren't.”

Miss W.—“Good morning, Max, we're glad to see you're back.”

Max, genially—“You can't see my back.”

Did you know Miss Baker's favorite song is “The Camels (Campbells) are Coming?”

Teacher—“The Author's name is Vachel Lindsay.”

V. N.—“Is **he** a man or a woman?”

Eng. Teacher—“Distinguish between Longfellow and Lowell.”

Bright Stude.—“Lowell wore a stickpin and Longfellow didn't.”

Miss Brown to her Library Class—“It is generally conceded that there are five really great books. The first is the Bible, of course. Now what would you class with it?”

Prospective teacher—“The Dictionary.”

O. K.—“I can see by your eyes that you are to be a teacher.”

E. L., indignantly—“Why?”

O. K.—“There are pupils in them.”

“Dear Old Pal of Mine”:

“I'm Just A 'Wearyin' for You” for “Who Knows” how much “I Love You Truly.” I long for that “One Fleeting Hour” “Where My Caravan Has Rest” “Down By the Old Mill Stream” to see “The Sunshine of Your Smile,” “Can't You Hear Me Callin', Caroline” “When the Dew Is on the Rose.”

As this is “The End of a Perfect Day,” I am Yours “Till We Meet Again” in our “Little Grey Home in the West.”

It was snowing hard and the teacher considered it her duty to warn her charges. “Boys and girls should be very careful to avoid colds at this time,” she said solemnly. “I had a darling little brother, only seven years old. One day he went out in the snow with his new sled and caught cold. Pneumonia set in and in three days he was dead.”

A hush fell upon the schoolroom, then a youngster in the back row stood up and asked: “Where's his sled?”

(Taken from a current paper)

A clerk from the War Risk Bureau saved these extracts from the letters received in his office.

1. “I ain't got no book larnin' and am writing for inflammation.”
2. “Just a line to let you know that I am a widow and four children.”
3. “He was drafted into the surface.”
4. “I have a four months old baby who is my only support.”
5. “I am left with a child seven months old, who is a baby and can't work.”

6. "I am his wife and only air."
7. "Both sides of our parents are old and poor."
8. "Dear Mr. Wilson, I have already written to Mr. Headquarters and received no reply. If you don't answer, I shall write to Uncle Sam himself."

Prospective Teacher—"Give me a sentence using the word 'holy'."

Sixth Grade girl—"I looked it up in the dictionary and it said 'very pure' so would this be all right. 'This milk is very holy.'"

Irishwoman to minister—"Shure, Ai can't stand it iny longer. Moike doesn't love me iny more. He gits dhrunk and bates me, he do."

Minister—"Try being very kind to him. You know that will be like heaping coals of fire on his head."

Irishwoman—"Faith, Oi'll thry it next toime. Last night Oi used biling wather."

Miss B. in English 8—"Emily, do you understand these sentences?"

Emily—"I do when I think."

Miss B.—"Well, think about the seventeenth sentence."

Miss B.—"Virginia! Virginia!"

Virginia—"I'm trying to think."

Miss B.—"Don't waste your time."

A group of girls were standing on the corner laughing when a Swede passed by.

"Vat's de yoke?" he inquired.

"Egg-yolk!" responded a bright Sophomore.

Would Life Be Worth Living?

If Stanley Stickle ceased to chew gum.

If Clyde Johnson had an English theme in on time.

If Miss Badollet were late for school.

If Merle Hunsong should go down in his own estimation.

If some members of the History Six class should say something besides "I don't know."

If no one played hookey.

If Seniors were dignified.

If Sophomores weren't so important.

If Swanbild Ingenmnd ceased her chatter.

If certain boys wore black socks and somber-hued ties.

If Meade French lost his voice.

If Max Hurlbutt wore knickerbockers.

If the janitor were not such a skillful disciplinarian.

If this little book should fail to come out.

(C. S.)



GLEE CLUB



JUNIOR RED CROSS



FOOTBALL SQUAD



SENIOR BASEBALL TEAM



08,074,004

